MANUAL FOR TRAINING IN WORSHIP

HUGH HARTSHORNE

Central BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
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MANUAL FOR TRAINING IN WORSHIP

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PREFACE

For ten or fifteen years, interest in children's worship has been steadily increasing. Pastors have more commonly introduced children's story sermons into the morning worship. Young people's societies have tried to find means for the adequate expression of the religious life of youth. They have prepared special collections of hymns to be used for this purpose. Denominational boards have also been printing Sunday-school hymnals, and in these increasing attention is being paid to orders of worship, to selections of Scripture, and to unison prayers. Individual church schools have been trying to transform their "opening exercises" into services of worship for children, and have developed special programs for their own use. For some years the Union School of Religion has been carrying on a scientific study of children's worship. The Religious Education Association has for three years had a Commission on Worship which has been working at the problem in various ways. Numerous articles have appeared in *Religious Education* and other magazines dealing with the words and tunes of hymns, the use of music, and similar subjects.

Out of this accumulating body of experience comes *The Book of Worship* of the Church School. It is an attempt to provide, for training children to worship, material and methods that reflect the foremost religious and educational consciousness of the day. The selection of the items is made primarily according to standards of *religious education*—not standards of historical completeness, nor mature systems of theology, nor Sunday-school custom. The one great purpose underlying the book is that of training children in the intelligent appreciation and use of common worship, both for their own sakes and for the sake of the Church of Christ whose work and worship they are to carry on.

The Book of Worship includes a set of Scripture passages for unison or responsive use; a set of prayers (with spaces for the addition of others) for common use; a set of hymns, representing the best that exist.

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and chosen because of their appropriateness to the religious life of children and youth. Many great hymns are not included, simply because they cannot be regarded as the best spiritual food for children.

The material to be used by the children is bound separately in *The Book of Worship*. The *Manual for Training in Worship* provides the material which the *leaders* need for the conduct of worship, such as orders of service, prayers, stories, benedictions, sentences, bibliographies of stories and sources for stories, lists of appropriate scripture passages, organ selections and choir anthems.

Recognizing that the person who has to lead the children in worship has not usually had special training for this work, the book describes in detail the practical ways by which the modern principles of children's worship can readily be put into practise by any intelligent man or woman.

There is thus brought within reach of every school, no matter how small or how large, whether well or ill equipped, the means for the adequate training of the children of the church in the highest of all human acts—the worship of God.

Acknowledgments of copyright privilege appear in the text and in the Preface of *The Book of Worship*. Many thanks are due to the Reverend George Harris, D.D., for the use of certain prayers appearing in *Evening Worship*, and to others, also, who have generously allowed the printing of stories or prayers written or owned by them.

H. H.

New York, November, 1915.

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MANUAL
FOR
TRAINING IN WORSHIP

I

WORSHIP AND CHARACTER

True worship arises out of and satisfies certain universal human needs. Some of these are the need for an ideal companionship, the need for moral reinforcement, the need for inner harmony or peace, the need for forgiveness and moral recovery, the need for moral leadership, the desire for the preservation of all values.

All these needs could be summed up as the need for the organization of the will. In worship the individual will meets and recognizes the Universal Will and seeks to become identified with it. The result is the ordering of life's purposes and ideals around some supreme purpose, which one takes to be the will of God.

The great problem in the formation of character is not how to cultivate certain specific qualities, such as courage, nor certain specific habits, such as honesty, but how to make all one's acts and attitudes the expression of some self-chosen purpose to which all else in life is subordinate. The essence of character is the organization of purposes and plans.

It is only a step from morality to religion. The religious life is the one that seeks such organization. The level of religious attainment is measured both by the degree of organization and by the quality of the ideals and purposes that control the life. The Christian character is the one that is organized consciously around the will of the Christian God. In fellowship with the Father, the Christian finds the renewal,

the reinforcement, the forgiveness, the leadership, the permanence; in a word, the ideal companionship that is essential for the achievement of the social ideals of Jesus Christ.

Christian worship is fundamental to Christian character.

II

THE PURPOSE OF WORSHIP IN THE CHURCH SCHOOL

The days are not long since passed when the purpose of the church school could be summed up as "To teach the Bible." The development of Christian character, with all that this implies both of communion with God and of the service of men, is now regarded as the work of the church school. So recent is this conception of what the Sunday school is supposed to do that its methods have as yet been only partially reorganized. The lessons are gradually being prepared as the means by which the child is to interpret his daily experience and solve his daily problems on the Christian basis. The friendly interests of children are beginning to find expression and discipline in "graded social service," through which the Christian ways of life become habitual. In these ways we cultivate intelligence and skill. But are these means adequate for the cultivation of *motive* and *purpose* and *will?* Somewhere in our scheme of religious education provision must be made for the worship type of experience, through which the details of instruction and training shall be harmonized in the unity of the Christian purpose.

But children have to be taught how to worship, just as they have to be taught how to be courteous; and just as courtesy requires practise as well as rules, so worship can be learned only by worshipping. A program of worship is just as essential to a Christian school of religion as is the "study of the lesson"—perhaps more so.

The first thing to be done in Sunday-school worship, then, is to train the children in the experience of worship—in the experience of communion with God, in which their minds are occupied with ideas, attitudes, and purposes that are significant of filial relationship to Him. So only can their impulsive lives attain the unity and force and self-control which they long for and which we so much desire for them.

As soon as we begin to define the Christian ideals in terms of which we wish the lives of the children to be organized, we find ourselves in the realm of ideal family relationships—fatherhood, sonship, brotherhood. Faith, hope, and love, loyalty and gratitude and reverence, these are the fundamental Christian attitudes that characterize ideal family relationships and that constitute the abiding values of life.

It is important, therefore, to understand what is meant by these terms.

III

ANALYSIS OF CHRISTIAN ATTITUDES*

Gratitude

Gratitude is the tender and joyous emotional response that usually manifests itself in the impulse to repay a kindness. There is the feeling, that is, of obligation, the consciousness that the kindness has cost someone something, or, at least, as Shand† says, is an indication that the benefactor is willing to sacrifice himself for your sake. Schematically it could be analyzed as follows:

THE THINGS OR SITUATIONS WHICH SHOULD CALL OUT THE RESPONSE OF GRATITUDE

Real situations, present and personal:	*Ideal situations,* personal or vicarious, imaginary or recalled:
Gifts, services, and the general present situation of home, school, food, etc.	Description or recall of, or reference to gifts, services, or the general situation of home, school, and so on. Stories Pictures Etc.

THE REACTION OF GRATITUDE

Direct:	*Indirect:*
The attitude of gratitude, inclusive of: Joy Tenderness The impulse to repay (Feeling of obligation)	The idea of gratitude. The attitude formulated
Expressed by postures, spontaneous acts, and exclamations	Expressed by words or by deliberate acts

* Quoted from the writer's *Worship in the Sunday School*, pp. 51–58.
† Cf. Shand, chap. XVI in Stout's *Groundwork of Psychology.*

Goodwill

Goodwill, or Love, is here regarded as a more perfectly social reaction than gratitude. No favors or gifts are preliminary to it, but only the fact of social relation, calling for a sharing of interest. In its most generalized form, goodwill might be thought of as the

Universal Response of { Sympathy and Kindliness } to the *Situation* } Society.

Thinking of person No. 2 as the one who has the attitude of goodwill, and of No. 1 as the person toward whom he feels it, we have the varying conditions of No. 1 as the "situations" to which No. 2 makes response.

CONDITION OF PERSON NO. 1	SUBJECTIVE RESPONSE OF PERSON NO. 2
	Feelings of:
Good fortune Happiness, Joy, etc.	Joy
Ill fortune Sorrow Bitterness, etc.	Pity Sorrow
Wrongdoing Ill will, etc.	Sorrow Pity Forgiveness

FORMS OF CONTROLLED EXPRESSION

Cheerful Demeanor
Kind Acts
Helpful Acts
Courtesy, Respect
Generous Conduct
Hospitable Behavior
Forgiving all Offenders

Reverence

As the spirit of worship or reverence is supposed to be present in the service anyway, it may be asked why it is made a special theme. The answer is that it is so central to the religious attitude as a whole

that it needs a more distinct emphasis than can be given it in every service, in order that its practise and forms may be brought to the level of conscious purpose. The religious state of mind may be thought of as having two poles, Reverence and Faith. The current of the religious life flows steadily from one to the other, passing out from the positive pole of faith into the circuit of contact with the world, and back again to the negative pole of reverence, from which, through the solution of the experience of worship, it moves on again to faith. That some such rhythm exists is a necessary consequence of the consciousness of the self that is, as it appears in contrast with the self that is to be, or with the ideal self. It is an accompaniment of the consciousness of value. The value desired is felt in contrast with the value already attained, and then the value desired is grasped for with a vigorous outreach and expansion of self. The first state of mind is that of reverence and the second is that of faith. An analysis of reverence follows:

SITUATION TO WHICH RESPONSE IS MADE	Authority Age Superiority Greatness Goodness Heroism Wisdom Law (Social Control) Mystery The idea of the presence of God	SUBJECTIVE RESPONSE. FEELINGS OF	Awe Fear Wonder Admiration Tender Feeling Submission Respect Dependence Love Penitence, Regret

OVERT RESPONSE	Acts of Respect Obedience Worship Praise Communion Repentance, New Resolves (Reparation)

Faith

The significance of the faith attitude in religion has already been suggested. Beginning sometimes with surrender to God and absolute reliance on Him, faith passes on into the realization of one's own pos-

sible contribution to the purpose of God. As such it is necessarily self-assertive in the highest sense. It is the demand for life and opportunity; the assertion that the highest values are ultimately necessary to the self, and that what is needed will therefore be found or created. It is the spirit of confidence and hope which lies back of creative effort. It anticipates experience; its reference is future. It lives in the future as memory lives in the past. Yet it lives also in the present, for its genius is to transform possibility—nay, even "impossibility"—into present and vivid fact. Ultimately faith refers to *persons*, though proximately it may refer to causes or ideals. It is a conviction concerning the goodness or capacity of someone. Among the objects of faith are persons actively engaged in a cause or believed to be capable of growth or achievement. Hence there is faith in self, in friends, in human nature, in God—all thought of as ultimately going to succeed in some undertaking.

This, too, is an aspect of the valuation process. As religion is the revaluation of all values in terms of a completely realized self, so faith is the mood or state of mind in which this achievement of new values for the self and the conservation of old values for the self is won.

Faith has so many factors that it is difficult to classify them or list them, but the following may be suggestive:

THE OBJECT OR SITUATION TO WHICH RESPONSE IS MADE

- God
- Persons
  - (Human Nature)
- Self
- Natural Law
  - The Order of Events
- Ideals
- Principles
- Worthy Causes

THE RESPONSE IN FEELING

- Hope
- Assurance
- Joy
- Freedom
- Aspiration
- Confidence
- Trust

THE RESPONSE IN ACT

- Self-Control
- Cheerful Endurance
- Confident and Joyous Activity in the Direction of an Ideal

Loyalty

Loyalty involves an extension of the self-feeling. The interest in the self is identified with the interests of the person, group, institution, or cause toward which one is loyal. The sense of ownership, of personal possession, is strong. The loyal individual feels that the cause is his cause, the team his team, and that all that touches this touches him. Loyalty involves also self-surrender. There is a giving up of the self to the object of loyalty. The self is invested in the cause or institution. The feeling of ownership is here also, but now the cause owns the man. He has *devoted*, that is, given himself to it.

The objects of loyalty in which the religious educator is interested are many; for example, the family, friends, the church, the school, public institutions, Christian ideals of character and conduct, and so on. But the theme "Loyalty" represents also a review. We have to be faithful not only to the demands of friendship (including the friendship of God), not only to the friendly groups of family, community, and country, and that largest group, the Kingdom of God, but also to all the principles and ideals so far achieved and made conscious, such as Gratitude, Goodwill, Reverence, and Faith.

IV

MAKING A PLACE FOR WORSHIP

How can adequate provision be made for training in worship? The most natural way is to use the time spent either in opening or in closing. Some prefer to begin with worship; others to close with worship. If the service comes first, the teachers can frequently add immensely to its effect by discussing it in class, and providing opportunities for the expression of attitudes formed in the service. If it comes at the end, it serves as a fitting emotional reaction to the more analytical type of work needed in class discussion. The important thing is to be sure to have a unit of time sacred to *worship* and not cut up by anything foreign to the spirit of worship, no matter how important this may be. If we believe that training in worship is a vital part of the educational program of the church, our practise should give evidence of it. It is nothing less than ludicrous to attempt to hold a service of worship in the midst of interruptions from bells, and notices, reports, recitations, drills, and late arrivals. A well-trained adult might be able to worship under such distracting conditions; a child, never.

This training in worship does not mean that children should not go to church; it means that they will be capable of enjoying church and understanding a little of what it is all about. It will make it possible for them to participate in mood even when the grown-up prayers and sermons are not understood. Thoroughgoing training in worship in the church school makes unnecessary the quasi-adaptations of adult services by the introduction of special baits for children.

It is as vain to suppose that worship can be successfully conducted without spending time upon it as it would be to suppose that a teacher can teach a lesson without first preparing himself for it. Before children's worship can take a worthy place in the educational program of the church, it must find its place in the heart and mind of the leader, whoever he may be. Without strong, intelligent, and sympathetic

leadership, adequate training in worship is impossible—but of these qualities the greatest is sympathy. Someone should be chosen to conduct the worship—and it may sometimes more wisely be a woman than a man—who is capable of entering into the simple needs and interests of childhood and who is willing to work. Most of the other qualifications come by practise. But it is in the minds of the school officials that the worship must first find lodgement.

Successful training in worship depends as much as anything on having a *complete and accurate record* of what is done in the services. Provision for this can easily be made in a loose-leaf note-book or in some other convenient way. If an original story is used, it should be given complete, for future reference. If other stories are used, they should be referred to carefully. The complete order of exercises should be kept, including the names of hymns, the prayers, and the psalms and responses.

Nor can the teachers escape responsibility. Pupils are frequently demoralized by the indifference or carelessness of a teacher who does not take active part in the worship. Time must be found for enlisting the intelligent co-operation of the teachers in the service itself, in preparation for it, and in following it up with observations, questions, and comments. The school is *one school*, and not a superintendent's class, and then a teacher's class, and then a secretary's class.

Psalms that are to be learned should be taught in class, or at least under the direction of the teachers. Interpretations of the various parts of the service and instruction as to posture and conduct should be given in class. These things are quite as important as the lesson and are not intrusions. Just in so far as they are ignored, the worship is unsuccessful.

The memory work of classes can frequently be combined with the learning of psalms, hymns, and prayers for the worship, and both class and assembly be vitalized by the association. Selections from the psalms will be found in convenient form for memorizing in the pupils' book. The prayers should be learned by heart at the time of use in the service. It is not necessary that older pupils learn the prayers, unless they desire to do so, as it is a good thing for them to have training in the worshipful use of the printed word.

When children are just learning to worship, it is important that as many positive influences be brought to bear upon them as possible. This means good music—the church organist is none too good for the children, and they have a family right to his or her services, even though these services have to be paid for. The church auditorium is none too good for those of whom Jesus said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." We call the church the House of God—and we are afraid to let God's children come into it, except on special occasions. They need the influence of its architectural dignity, its windows, its reverential associations, and they need the organ even more than adults need it. Until we recognize the rights of the child in the property of the church, training in worship will be incomplete.

This does not mean that nothing can be done in a cellar or in a square room without form or beauty. All it means is that under these conditions the great assets of association, organ music, architecture, and so on, have to be done without, and that all the more attention must be paid to leadership and instruction in worship.

V

HOW TO PLAN THE SERVICE OF WORSHIP

1. Series of Services

It may be noted that the five topics, Gratitude, Goodwill, Reverence, Faith, and Loyalty, when taken in the order given, are grouped around the festivals of Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter. Reverence comes in conveniently after Christmas, and Loyalty is a wholesome ending for the year. These attitudes furnish suggestive themes around which to group services. For several weeks each can be made the central theme of the whole service. Naturally the subjects overlap, and should do so, but when used as the main *emphasis* in a service, a theme, such as one of these, provides unity and precision and cumulative force that can be secured in no other way. Other topics could be used, particularly whenever special needs are to be met, or when special occasions arise, such as a memorial service, a patriotic service, the first Sunday of the season, Rally Sunday, Children's Sunday. But, as a rule, the *universal human interests and needs and attitudes afford the most vital themes for worship.*

It is not, of course, essential that several successive services should follow one general theme. The advantages are found in the easy point of contact, the possibility of the continued story, the cumulative effect of constantly dwelling on one theme from many points of view, the use of the same order of service. It is important that pupils become sufficiently familiar with the *order* not to be distracted by it. They must be free to give their attention to the *thought* of the service. This takes time, especially at first. Six to eight weeks is a satisfactory length of time to devote to one order. Even when changes in the theme do not involve changes in the order of worship, plenty of variety is possible for still longer periods of time. It is unfortunate, however, to be forever limited to one order of service, just as it would be to be forever bound to one kind of teaching or one sort of sermon.

The material of the manual follows the classification just given, as does also the material in *The Book of Worship*. Several orders of service are given, which can be used under the various themes, and repeated indefinitely with changes in content to suit the changing topics. Other themes than those mentioned can be used, if desired, provided the spirit of worship be maintained. "Brotherhood," "God," "The Church," "The Kingdom of God"; or negative subjects like "Quarrels," "Meanness"; or "Vacation," "School," "Work," "Play" —these and other subjects are useful, but they usually fall under the more general headings of Gratitude, etc., as subtopics which describe the subject-matter of the special material used or the fields within which the five attitudes are to be practised.

2. The Single Service

Once a general theme for a series of services is decided on, the first thing to do is to find a topic for the particular service in view. This may be suggested in various ways: current events, the needs and problems of pupils, story material examined, Bible passages, or the place the service occupies in a larger scheme covering three or more weeks, as, *e. g.*, the three on Quarrels, the stories for which are given in Section XI. Then it is helpful to look through appropriate hymns and psalms and prayers and to select a tentative list. After the talk is prepared or well outlined, the hymns can be looked through again and arranged so as to contribute to the effect desired. It is often helpful to plan a sentence announcement for a hymn so that it may be sung with appreciation.

With occasional exceptions, it will be found best to use one psalm and one unison prayer for several Sundays or during the use of one theme. *If the hymns used during the period in which one theme is pursued be selected from a narrow range of, say, eight or ten, or fewer, and then not be used again for a long time, the effect is to give the impression of both familiarity and freshness.* Some hymns will be sung several times during the period, and will then be dropped for six months or a year, to be returned to again as to old friends. This is an extremely important principle to follow in using a small collection of hymns. Only a few new hymns should be used each year.

It is not well to have the children's worship too long. Twenty to twenty-five minutes is sufficient. Nor is it worth while to have it short, except for a brief closing or opening devotional moment, which belongs really to the lesson period and is not a service of worship. The story or talk need never exceed ten minutes and may frequently be five to advantage. The leader's prayer—several examples of which are printed —will have to be short and to the point if it is to be effective.

The processional and recessional are useful ways of getting the children in and out of the room used for worship. When the church auditorium is used (as it should be where possible), and where there are also other connecting rooms available, it is a good plan to have the children hang up their wraps and assemble in one of these rooms or in the corridors. They can form in line, the choir first, if there be one, then the classes in order of age, the youngest leading. When the moment comes to begin, they can then pass into the church singing the processional hymn. The recessional hymn serves to help the children pass in good order to the rooms in which the classes meet. Sometimes children over thirteen will prefer to go into the auditorium ahead of the procession and take seats assigned to them.

When the choir has developed skill in singing independently, the recessional can be sung by them alone after the first stanza, and the rest of the school can wait quietly in the pews until the choir has passed out and the Amen been sung. This moment of quiet listening to the receding music can be used to increase the effectiveness of the service. With a choir thus trained, the processional is also desirable, even where the school assembles in the room in which the service is held.

When no processional is used, the children can nevertheless take their places quietly while a soft prelude is played. As this is what they will have to do in many churches, it affords a good opportunity to train them in the use of the silent prayer on entering the church.

The orders of worship printed in Section XII are suggestive merely and are not necessarily to be followed. They illustrate the principles upon which many others might be constructed. But whatever order he uses, the leader should have it clearly prepared in advance, both for himself and for the organist or pianist, and for any others who are to assist in the leading of the worship. The teachers sometimes need

the order. Many schools, having decided on what the service is to be for several weeks, have cards printed showing the psalm and prayer to be used, as well as the general program. Schools printing a weekly or monthly paper can easily make this a regular news item. In any case, the teachers should explain the order to the pupils before the day on which it is first used.

3. Grading in Worship

The Commission on Worship of the Religious Education Association has arrived at the following conclusions regarding the grading of worship:*

1. The need for worship is universal and persists throughout the whole of life.

2. The nature of worship is essentially the same in the child and in the adult.

3. The order of common worship, as a whole and in detail, should be adapted to the needs, interests, and capacities of the worshippers.

4. The extent to which the individual worshipper participates in a service of worship depends upon the degree to which the service as a whole and in detail is adapted to his needs, interests, and capacities.

5. The extent of participation on the part of the group as a whole in a service of worship depends upon the degree to which the elements of the service are adapted to the needs, interests, and capacities common to the group. . . .

Other matters were discussed which might be embodied in some further principles, thus:

The content of an order of worship should usually be concerned with universal needs and interests.

If it is necessary to meet special needs through an order of worship, the worshipping group should, for this purpose, include only those to whom such needs are common.

Where such separation is practised, the unity of the whole school demands that all pupils occasionally worship together.

It is obvious that *grading the materials* of worship simply carries

* Adopted in this tentative form at the convention at Buffalo. See *Religious Education* for details.

the *adaptation* of worship to its logical conclusion. But it is a mistake to suppose that children of all ages cannot worship together. *They should be taught to worship together*, if for no other reason than that they have certain fundamental universal human needs to be met. But it is also true that adolescents, when properly trained to worship in the elementary grades, no longer need the same kind of training. They are ready to enter into the full enjoyment of the church worship. They do need special training in worship that is adapted to the special needs and interests of adolescents, and somewhere in the educational work of the church opportunity for such training should be given. It may come as a part of the Sunday session of the school. But, in any event, the whole school should at least occasionally come together for worship.

The Book of Worship centres around universal human needs and interests, and is intended for children under fourteen. But it does not exclude adolescent interests so far as these are universal, and it can therefore be used with them, and *should* be used when children of all ages worship together.

VI

HOW TO CONDUCT THE SERVICE

To those who have never seriously undertaken to lead children in worship, the position of leader may seem at first embarrassing. But it is really a beautiful and natural thing to do, and the children respond to dignified leadership even when their habits are all unfavorable. It takes time, of course, to develop a school tradition concerning conduct in the opening exercises. Old habits may have to be broken down and new habits to be built up. But schools of the most disorderly type have done it successfully. One can always trust the children to "play up." All children like stories, even when they are not well told, provided the stories have vitality and are not feeble admonishings to be good. Children like to sing, and they enjoy *good* music. If their taste has already been spoiled by the use of bad music, it will take time to change it. But adults are responsible for the sort of hymns the children will like when they are grown. If we want them to grow up with an affection for trash, all we have to do is to have them sing it when they are young. The experiment is almost always successful. Children like to take an active part in worship, and older children can frequently be of help in leading responses and unison prayers, reading the Scripture, and the like. But it is important that they do things that are natural and appropriate and not artificial or forced. Reading a prose selection responsively may be customary, but is seldom edifying. The effect is much worse than when it is read by one person. Certain psalms are evidently intended for responsive use; they are built on rhythmical lines. Others are not adapted to such use and should be said in unison. When such details of method are overlooked the children naturally lose interest.

With all these interests of children to fall back on, the most hesitant leader can be confident that success will follow sincere effort to do the thing right.

In following an order of worship *it is important that the mechanics require as little attention as possible.* All the services printed in Section XII* are constructed partly with a view to the *naturalness* of sequence, involving practically no announcing of items. The prayers may well be preceded in each case by the dignified and customary phrase, "Let us pray." The psalm, if said in unison, can either begin at once or be announced by the simple statement, "The Twenty-third Psalm." If responsively used, sufficient indication of what is going on is given as the leader starts in to read his part. The hymns can begin simply by being played through once, or they can be announced by some interpretative sentence calling attention to the thought of the words or the character of the music. The pages on which hymns, psalms, prayers, sentences, benedictions, and other items are to be found should be *posted* on bulletin-boards so as to be easily seen by all. Things must proceed easily and rapidly, with no long and awkward pauses, when no one knows what to do next. All this necessitates careful planning and a well-prepared order of service for the leader's use, as indicated in the last section.

When the psalms are used responsively, it is often a good plan to have the pupils' response *led by an older pupil*, or by the leader of the singing. This helps unanimity of expression. The same person can also lead in the unison prayers if it is so desired. Another method is to have one part of the school take one section of the psalm and another part the next, producing a real antiphonal effect. The choir forms a convenient division for such a purpose.

* Details of the organization and conduct of services are given in Section XII.

VII

MUSIC

The singing is so important that a few suggestions concerning it may not be out of order. Enthusiasm is not necessarily worship. Loudness may detract from the spirit of reverence. But whole-hearted participation in the intelligent appreciation of the meaning of the hymns is essential to good worship. Much depends, therefore, upon the way the singing is led. Someone who can carry the air easily is needed to lead the children, whether this person be the superintendent or not. Gesticulations and clapping get results of a certain kind, but are undesirable from the point of view of education in *worship*. It is better to have the singing less boisterous and more intelligent and dignified than to have it stimulated artificially. Again, the way the hymn is played is extremely important. A poor pianist or organist is likely to make good singing impossible. Frequently it would be better to do without the instrument altogether than to have the music bungled. Let the spirit of the hymn be expressed in the playing of it, and the children will be ready to sing it well.

A children's choir is of great help in leading music. The pupils enjoy rehearsing, singing responses, amens, and special anthems. Various responses will be found in the back of *The Book of Worship*, and a list of a few good anthems for children is appended to this section. If more than one amen can be learned, No. 1 should follow the usual prayers, and No. 2, or some other, the benediction. If only one is used, it should be No. 1.

When there is no choir, the responses and sentences can be used by the whole school. A few of these are particularly adapted for use at the very beginning of the service.

A choir of boys, or of girls, or of both together, is feasible in almost any school. Someone qualified to lead the choir should be found before anything is said about starting one. This leader should then be

responsible for the testing of voices and the selection of pupils. If the choir is started frankly on the basis of singing capacity, there need be no trouble about favoritism. There should be regular rehearsals, either between Sundays, or just before the service of worship, or both. The work of the choir can be improved with astonishing rapidity if a mid-week rehearsal is held in addition to the one on Sunday morning. If the selection is confined to boys, only those between nine and thirteen can usually be available, and no boy should be allowed to continue in the choir after his voice shows signs of changing. When only girls are selected, the whole choir can be somewhat older and not be dependent on children who are too small to contribute much. When both boys and girls are used, all should usually be under thirteen or fourteen or over sixteen, in order to have a group that will work well together. The choir should be conducted according to the principles of good teaching. The choir is both a class and a club, and the same methods belong to its management as to the management of these other groups. It should be organized, with a leading officer—probably a president—a secretary, and sometimes a librarian, or someone to take care of the music. The pupils may well be responsible for their own behavior and discipline and attendance, when attendance is not required.

Instrumental music may be used with splendid effect. An organ solo, when properly interpreted, may do much toward arousing the attitude desired. An organ or orchestral prelude is as significant for children as for adults. When classes meet in the assembly room the signal for the close of the lesson can sometimes be given by chords on the piano or a very short instrumental piece which begins softly, grows louder, and then fades away again. By the time it is finished all will be quiet and ready for the closing moment of prayer. A short list of suitable organ selections is appended. They are examples of the type of music that appeals to children and can be interpreted to them.

Choir Anthems

CHRISTMAS

Away in a Manger	Luther	
God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen		Schirmer
Good Christian Men, Rejoice	Traditional	Schirmer
Good King Wenceslas	Neale	Schirmer

Infant So Gentle, Cradle Song	Traditional	Schirmer
Midnight Masse	Legge	Novello
We Three Kings of Orient Are	Traditional	Schirmer
Collection of Carols	Gibson (Ed.)	Schirmer

EASTER

Coming Spring	Gatty	Novello
Hail the Morn of Mystic Beauty	Woodman	Novello
Sabbath Bells	Stainer	Novello
Collection of Six Carols	Harker	Schirmer

MISCELLANEOUS

Incline Thine Ear	Himmel	
O Lord, How Manifold Are Thy Works	Barnby	Novello
O Lord, My Trust	King Hall	Novello
Sing We Now Our Hymns of Gladness	Atherton	Schirmer

Various books on children's choirs and children's voices can be had of the H. W. Gray Co., New York.

Organ Selections

Chorus of the Pilgrims	Wagner
Hallelujah Chorus, from *The Messiah*	Handel
Hero's March	Mendelssohn
Intermezzo, from *Cavalleria Rusticana*	Mascagni
Largo	Handel
Largo, from the *New World Symphony*	Dvŏřak
March and Chorus, from *Tannhäuser*	Wagner
March of the Magi Kings	Dubois
Minuette, from *The Gothic Suite*	Boelmann
Marche Militaire	Schubert
Pastoral Symphony, from *The Messiah*	Handel
Priests' March, from *Athalie*	Mendelssohn
Träumerei and Romance	Schumann
Walter's Prize Song, from *Die Meistersinger*	Wagner

VIII

THE USE OF SCRIPTURE

As has already been suggested, it is not usually in keeping with either worship or teaching to have prose passages read responsively. It is confusing. The nature of the movement of thought in such passages—narrative or didactic—makes it difficult, if not impossible, to get a unified idea of the whole through disjointed reading. A good many of the psalms, however, seem to have been prepared with just such antiphonal use in view. Other psalms are obviously not so well adapted to responsive use, but can be so read if desired. The arrangement of the psalms in *The Book of Worship* is such that they can be read either in unison or responsively. The leader's sections are at the left and the school's indented. In case one portion of the school is to read one section and another portion the next, as was suggested in Section VI, then such antiphonal use would better be practised and explained outside the worship itself before an attempt is made to do it as a part of the service.

There are many Bible passages that are well adapted for reading *to* children. These can be read either by an older pupil (who would probably need training in order to do it adequately) or by one of the leaders. Passages might be selected for their general value for worship or for their contribution to the theme of the day. It is sometimes difficult to put one's hand on a passage which is suitable for children, and so a short list of selections is given here as an aid. It is not intended to be exhaustive. Some of the passages might better be cut or adapted. Words which convey no meaning to the hearers should be changed or interpreted. Ordinarily the American Revised text is the best one to use. Sometimes a New Testament passage already familiar acquires new force when read in one of the more recent translations, such as the Twentieth Century New Testament, or Moffat's translation, or Weymouth's. The first of these will probably be found

most useful. But any of them is likely to suggest a rendering that can be used with the American Revised to good advantage.

The Authorized Version is used in the passages quoted in *The Book of Worship*, with an occasional change or cut which makes the selection of more value for the purposes of religious education. It is believed that the omissions and changes will be acceptable to everyone who goes into the matter thoroughly. The material is used frankly for its educational significance.

Scripture Passages

Matthew 2 : 1–12.
" 5–7, sections.
" 18 : 1–14, 21–35.
Mark 14 : 26–42, 53, 54, 66–72.
Luke 2 : 1–20.
" 6 : 20–49.
" 10 : 30–37.
" 12 : 15–31.
" 15 : 11–32.
" 17 : 11–19.
" 18 : 10–14.
" 19 : 12–27.
" 22 : 47–62.
John 14 : 1–10, 15, 27.
Romans 8 : 5–11, 18, 28, 31, 35–39.
" 12.
Galatians 6 : 1–10.
Ephesians 6 : 10–20.
Philippians 2 : 1–5a, 12–15, 4 : 8.
" 3 : 8–14, 4 : 4–9.
Colossians 3 : 12–17.
Hebrews 11 : 1, 8–10, 24–27, 29–38, 12 : 1–2.
James 1 : 12–14, 17–25.
Revelation 21 : 1–5.
Stories from Genesis, Exodus, Numbers, Joshua, Ruth.
I Samuel, stories from chapters 16–31.
II Samuel 23 : 8–17.
I Kings 18 : 15–40.
" 19 : 1–15a.
II Kings 5.
Ecclesiastes 12 : 1–7.
Isaiah 6 : 1–12.
" 40 : 1–11, 12–31.
" 52 : 7–10.
" 52 : 13–53 : 12.
" 60 : 1–3, 17–20.
Daniel 3.
" 6.

IX

STORIES, TALKS, AND PRAYERS

HOW TO USE THEM

It has seemed wise to classify the story material under the five headings, Gratitude, Goodwill, Reverence, Faith, and Loyalty, so that it may fit in conveniently with the general scheme of the book. Incidents may often be used for more than one purpose by changing the emphasis slightly. This is especially true of those stories listed in the classified bibliography which are not printed here. No attempt has been made to give a finer classification, as it has been the writer's experience that one has to read a story through before he can tell whether or not he can use it and how he can use it. For this reason a list of books found most useful has been prepared, in the hope that schools or libraries will make it possible for leaders of worship to have access to available material. The list makes no pretense at completeness.

The stories which are printed here are intended merely as illustrations of the way different problems can be approached and different types of incident, real and imaginary, be put in story or sermon form. Leaders not used to public work may find it easier at first simply to learn a story and tell it practically from memory. But unless they have a vivid imagination this method is apt to produce a somewhat mechanical result. A better way is to visualize the incidents in the story, get the sequence of events or ideas, and then to build up the story from this framework, using the author's words or not, as may seem desirable. This takes less time and is more effective even when the language is not so perfect. In cases where stories depend upon the exact wording for their effect, the words must be memorized.

Leaders will usually find it necessary to adapt stories to their purposes. The few which are printed here fulfilled the purposes for which they were intended. Those listed in the bibliography that are not

printed here are referred to as suggestive merely and not necessarily to be adopted as they stand.

There is a large amount of story material which is not at present in usable form, but which is adapted in content and can readily be put into shape by those who have the time to spend upon it. In books by James Oppenheim, Harold Begbie, Paul Leicester Ford, in *Queed* and *V. V.'s Eyes* (H. S. Harrison) and others of like character, there are incidents of Christian deeds in different situations. Many stories can be culled from missionary biography and stories of the bravery and loyalty of foreign Christians. Examples of what certain immigrants have done—Steiner, Riis, Mary Antin—are helpful. (Inquire at libraries for material by or about these persons.) Children of less fortunate circumstances need to have their imaginations stimulated and fed with "fairy" stories, talks in appreciation of nature, stories about other children, other peoples, other lands and places. Sympathy for others, without distinction as to "class" or privilege, can be cultivated through stories of how others live, their difficulties and misfortunes and pleasures and heroisms. Cases of child labor, accounts of hospital work, fresh-air work, milk stations, private-school life (see Owen Johnson's books), the trials of the "poor little rich children" are rich in possibilities. Farm life, city life, suburban life, village life, camp life, sea life, firemen, miners, life-savers—all the common, every-day things—can be illuminated and transfigured by a glowing imagination and made over into the means of deepening the sympathies and appreciations of children.

For those who desire help in learning how to improve their own method of story-telling, books like E. P. St. John's *Stories and Story Telling* and Sarah Cone Bryant's *How to Tell Stories to Children* will be found of use.

For both methods and story material, attention should be called to current periodicals, particularly of the denominational houses, as *The Sunday School Journal*, *The Pilgrim Teacher*, *The Christian Register*, and many others. *Everyland*, a quarterly magazine published in New York, contains much suggestive material.

Several orders of service are suggested which do not include a story or talk. This is to accommodate schools that are temporarily without

anyone who can do this work well enough. It is rare, however, that someone cannot be found for this when the superintendent is not qualified to undertake it.

Prayers

Since in most services the prayer will follow the talk or story, prayers for the leader's use have been printed after some of the stories given here. Some leaders will care to use them; some will not. Perhaps even for the latter they may serve to show how it is possible to be both religious and scientific at the same time, when one takes pains to think as much about what he is to say to God as he does about what he is to say to men. Various published volumes of prayers are referred to, but it is hoped that each leader will ultimately find the time and strength to put *himself* into his prayers. It is chiefly for those who work under the heavy disadvantage of lack of time and strength for preparation that these prayers are humbly proffered.

Numerous collects, short prayers, calls to worship, and benedictions are placed at the end of the Manual. Many ways of using them will no doubt occur to the resourceful leader of worship.

X

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF STORIES, SOURCES, AND PRAYERS

I. CLASSIFIED LIST OF STORIES

Gratitude
(including thanksgiving)

TITLE	FOUND IN BOOK NO. (SEE LIST, PAGE 31)	PAGE
A Fortune	26	96
About Angels	26	41
Androclus and the Lion	29 II	256
How Bread Came to the Children	23	39
Introduction to Organ Solo	Manual	45
Purring When Pleased	Manual	42
Samuel	7	9
The Blind Old Horse	4	67
The First Thanksgiving	Manual	33
The Golden Windows	26	1
The Little Blind Girl	Manual	37
The Plant	27	104
The Snobbish Self	Manual	47
The Sunny Side and the Dark Side	4	73
The Ungrateful Self	Manual	45
The Upper Side of the Cloud	4	122
Things Done for Us	Manual	39
Two Angels and Their Baskets	4	146
What Bradley Owed	Manual	35

Goodwill
(including christmas)

A Christmas Story	Manual	58
A Four-Footed Gentleman	7	28
Abraham and Lot	Bible	
David and Saul	*cf.* 24	87
Florence Nightingale	29 V	126
George and Willie (Quarrels)	Manual	55
Getting Ready for Christmas	Manual	52
Introduction to Organ Solo	Manual	53
Jean val Jean and the Bishop	29 II	222
	7	108
Joan of Arc	29 VI	231
John and Ivan (Quarrels)	Manual	54

TITLE	FOUND IN BOOK NO. (SEE NEXT LIST)	PAGE
Joseph and His Brothers	Bible	
Margaret of New Orleans	7	39
Moses	7	31
Personal Service	Manual	49
Resolutions	Manual	63
The Banyan Deer	29 II	248
	7	110
The Curing of a Selfish Boy	8	82
The Fir-Tree that Found Something to Do	Manual	60
The Glad Self	25	
The Good Samaritan	Bible	
The Great Feast	26	26
The Lame Boy	18	65
The Legend of St. Christopher	7	100
The Lesson of the Looking-Glass	7	44
The Magic Mask	7	45
The Persian and His Three Sons	7	126
The Prodigal Son	Bible	
The Risks of Firemen	27 V	231
The Sick Child	27	44
The Story of a Family Portrait	Manual	65
The Stranger	7	25
The Wheat Field	26	9
Three Questions	Manual	49
Two Kinds of Wheels	4	48
Two Monks (Quarrels)	Manual	56
Why the Battery Didn't Work	4	172
REVERENCE		
A Little Prison Flower	16	118
Brother Lawrence	5	
Climbing Alone	29 I	34
How God Speaks to Us:		
In the Cry of Human Need	Manual	74
In the Voice of Conscience	Manual	76
In the Beautiful, Good, and True	Manual	78
Introductions to Organ Solos	Manual	80–81
On Prayer	Manual	70
The Broken Vase	16	106
The Fool's Prayer	E. R. Sill	
The Great Stone Face	Manual	68
The Lord's Prayer	Manual	72
The Old Grandfather's Corner	29 I	73
FAITH (INCLUDING EASTER)		
David and Goliath	*cf.* 24	79
Faith Is Hope Plus Work	Manual	102
Faith in One Another	Manual	99

TITLE	FOUND IN BOOK NO. (SEE NEXT LIST)	PAGE
Faith in Oneself	Manual	96
Gideon	*cf.* 24	60
Introduction to Organ Solo	Manual	103
Jean val Jean and the Bishop	29 II	222
Jesus, the Explorer (Easter)	Manual	104
Livingstone's Faith	Manual	86
Pioneers (Washington's Birthday)	Manual	82
St. George and the Dragon	29 II	239
The City of God (Washington's Birthday)	Manual	84
The Easter Message	Manual	106
The Fairy Who Grew Up	Manual	88
The Game of Life (Easter)	Manual	108
The Squirrel's Devotion	7	
The Two Worlds—Faith in the Future	Manual	92
Trust in the Lord	Manual	90
Two Travellers	7	103

Loyalty

A Camp-Fire Girl	Manual	114
A Persian Lad	29 I	144
	2	98
Damon and Pythias	29 I	193
	22	54
Daniel's Loyalty	Manual	119
David's Mighty Men	Manual	113
Dink Stover (Loyalty to the Truth)	Manual	120
Partners	29 I	176
Patriotism (Lincoln's Birthday)	Manual	116
Peter	Manual	110
Regulus	29 V	331
	1	82
Resolutions	Manual	63
The Friends	29 III	187
The Game of Life	Manual	108
The Hero of Haarlem	7	94
	29 II	38
The Honest Farmer	7	54
The Race with the Flood	3	
The Sailor Man	26	66
The Tree in the City	26	18
The Waste Collector	29 III	12
Three Hundred Heroes	29 I	221
Vacation Thoughts	Manual	122

II. ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SOURCES

INCLUDING THE BOOKS REFERRED TO IN THE PRECEDING LIST, AS WELL AS A FEW OTHERS

(SEE SECTION IX)

Other suitable stories besides those referred to will be found in these books. The most valuable sources are starred.

BOOK NO.	AUTHOR	TITLE
*1	Baldwin, J.	Fifty Famous Stories Retold. (Am. Book Co.)
*2	"	Fifty Famous People. (Am. Book Co.)
*3	"	American Book of Golden Deeds. (Am. Book Co.)
*4	Bayley, F. T.	Little Ten Minutes. (Revell.)
5		Brother Lawrence. (Revell.)
6	Bryant, S. C.	Stories to Tell to Children. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
*7	Cabot, E. L.	Ethics for Children. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
8	Chamberlin and Kern	Child Religion in Song and Story. (University of Chicago Press.)
9	Gatty, Mrs. Alfred	Parables from Nature. (James Pott & Co.)
10	Gould, F. J.	Children's Book of Moral Lessons. Four volumes. (Watts, London.)
11	"	Brave Citizens. (Watts, London.)
12	"	Stories for Moral Instruction. (Watts, London.)
13	Gunsaulus, F. W.	Young Men in History. (Revell.)
14	Johnson, Owen	The Varmint. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)
15	Jordan, D. S.	Call of the Twentieth Century. (Revell.)
*16	Kerr, H. T.	Children's Story Sermons. (Revell.)
17	Kingsley, C.	The Heroes. (Dutton—Everyman's.)
18	Lane, Mrs. C. A.	First Book of Religion. (Unitarian S. S. Soc.)
19	Lindsay, Maude	Mother Stories. (Milton Bradley.)
20	"	More Mother Stories. (Milton Bradley.)
21	Mathews, Basil	Livingstone, the Pathfinder. (Missionary Ed. M'v't.)
22	Metcalf, J. H.	World Stories. (Unitarian S. S. Soc.)
23	Moffat and Hidden	Children's Sunday Hour of Story and Song. (American Unitarian Association.)
24	Parker, Mrs. H. C.	Stories from the Old Testament. (Unitarian S. S. Soc.)
25	Porter, Eleanor H.	Pollyanna. (The Page Co.)
*26	Richards, L. E.	The Golden Windows. (Little, Brown & Co.)
27	"	The Silver Crown. (Little, Brown & Co.)
28	"	The Pig Brother. (Little, Brown & Co.)
29	Sneath, *et al.*	The Golden Rule Series. (Macmillan.) I. The Golden Ladder Book. II. The Golden Path Book. III. The Golden Door Book. IV. The Golden Key Book. V. The Golden Word Book. VI. The Golden Deed Book.

BOOK NO.	AUTHOR	TITLE
30	Sneath & Hodges	Moral Training in the School and Home (Bibliography). (Macmillan.)
31	Sneath, *et al.*	The King's Highway Series. (Macmillan.)
32	Tappan, E. M.	European Hero Stories. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
33	"	The Children's Hour. Ten volumes. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
34	White, Emerson E.	School Management and Moral Training. (Am. Book Co.)
35	Yonge, C. M.	A Book of Golden Deeds. (Macmillan.)
*36	Porter, D. R. (Ed.)	Poems of Action. (Association Press.)
37	Stevenson, B. F. (Ed.)	Home Book of Verse. (Henry Holt & Co.)
*38	Cope, H. F.	Hymns You Ought to Know. (Revell.)
39	Adams and Foster	Heroines of Modern Progress. (Sturgis and Walton Co.)
40	Bailey, Carolyn S.	Stories for Every Holiday. (Abingdon Press.)
41	Hunting, H. B.	Stories of Brotherhood. (Missionary Ed. M'v't.)
42	Stocking, J. T.	The City that Never Was Reached. (Pilgrim Press.)
43	Lanier, H. W.	The Book of Bravery. (Scribner's.)

Books on Method

Bailey, Carolyn S.	For the Story Teller. (Milton Bradley.)
Bryant, S. C.	How to Tell Stories to Children. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
Hartshorne, H.	Worship in the Sunday School. (Teachers College, N. Y.)
Hervey, W. L.	Picture Work. (Revell.)
Keyes, Angela	Stories and Story Telling. (Appleton.)
Lyman, Edna	Story Telling. (A. C. McClurg.)
St. John, E. P.	Stories and Story Telling. (Pilgrim Press.)

III. BOOKS OF PRAYERS

AUTHOR	TITLE
Diffendorfer, R. E. (Ed.)	Thy Kingdom Come. (Missionary Ed. M'v't.)
McComb, Samuel	A Book of Prayers. (Dodd, Mead.)
Martineau, J.	Prayers. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
Rauschenbusch, W.	Prayers of the Social Awakening. (Pilgrim Press.)
Tileston, M. W. (Ed.)	Prayers Ancient and Modern. (Little, Brown & Co.)
Washburn, O. R.	A Book of Psalms. (H. F. van Haagen, N. Y.)
	Prayers for Parents and Children. (Young Churchman.)
Fosdick, H. E.	The Meaning of Prayer. (Association Press.)
Davis, O. S.	At Mother's Knee. (Abingdon Press.)
Slattery, Margaret	A Girl's Book of Prayers. (Pilgrim Press.)

XI

STORIES, TALKS, AND PRAYERS FOR USE IN THE SERVICE

GRATITUDE

The First Thanksgiving*

Long, long ago, there were no houses in this country of ours, no towns, no big cities, and only the Indians lived in the forests and among the hills.

Then one day some people came from a country across the sea to make their home in America. They were on the water a long, long time, but, after a rough, hard voyage, they finally saw the shore. Oh, how glad they were! They were so tired of being on the water. As soon as they had landed they began to build houses to live in. These houses were made only of logs, but the people were glad to have even these to shelter them.

It was autumn when they came, too late to plant seed, and so all the cold winter they had very little food. Many of them were sick and some of them died.

The ship had been sent back to their home country, with letters asking the friends there to send them food and clothes, but it had been gone such a long time that they had begun to fear that it had been lost at sea.

In the spring they planted corn and vegetables, and the Indians showed them other things that were good for food. All summer the rains came and watered the seed, the sun shone and helped it grow; and in the autumn they gathered in the harvest.

* Adapted from Moffatt and Hidden, *Children's Sunday Hour of Story and Song*. Used by permission of the American Unitarian Association.

After the long summer had passed, one day some little boys were playing on a hill not far from the shore. All at once, away off on the horizon, they saw a sail coming toward the land. Oh, how they hoped it was the ship from the home country! They hurried down to tell their fathers and mothers, and then everybody went to the harbor to watch the ship come in.

It was the ship they had looked for and longed for; there were friends on board; there were many things to keep them comfortable all winter. They were very happy then, and they knew that God had watched over them. They all thanked Him from their hearts, but they wished to thank Him all together.

So the Governor, William Bradford, set a special day apart, asking that everyone should go to church to thank God for His goodness to them.

In the morning on that first Thanksgiving day they all obeyed the Governor, and went to church to give thanks to God. Then they all met together and had a real Thanksgiving dinner. They did not forget to invite some of the Indians, too, who had helped them to plant the seeds and had done many things for them.

That was many years ago, and now, every year, the Governors and the President set a special day apart, and ask all the people to meet in the churches and in their homes to remind one another of all the things that should make them happy, and to thank God for all His good gifts throughout the year.

And that is what Thanksgiving day means—a day to give thanks to God.

I am going to read now a part of the Thanksgiving Proclamation which the President has issued to all the people of the United States of America.

PRAYER

We praise Thee, O God, for all Thy wonderful works to the children of men. We rejoice in Thy loving-kindness. Thy faithfulness endureth unto all generations. For the good gifts that have been our portion accept, O God, our humble and hearty thanks.

In Thy presence we gladly recall to one another Thy gracious care,

as it has been shown to us so constantly. Clear skies and clouds, bread and abundant water, health, books, friends, and homes—all these and hosts of other good things are so familiar to us that we in our thoughtlessness hardly notice that we have them. Yet they are Thy gifts to us, and deep down in our hearts we are indeed filled with gratitude and trust.

We thank Thee, too, for much that has seemed to us to be full of pain, without meaning, and hard to endure, but which we now know has made us more faithful and more useful. In all our bitter trials, in all our weakness and wrong-doing, teach us to let Thee help us, that we may come through these experiences more wise, more loving, more just, more forgiving.

We pray to-day, in this season of Thanksgiving, that there may indeed be cause for rejoicing in the hearts of all Thy children. May love come with cheer and hope to brighten the lives of all who are sick or in sorrow. May wars cease and the spirit of brotherly kindness prevail throughout the world.

And Thine shall be the glory, world without end—the glory of a righteous and loving peace, which the world shall achieve in the spirit of our Saviour and Friend, the Prince of Peace. Amen.

What Bradley Owed*

There was once a boy whose name was Bradley. They called him Tiddley Winks when he was young, because he was such a tiny little thing. When he was about eight years old he had already got into the bad habit of thinking of everything as worth so much money. He wanted to know the price of everything he saw, and if it had not cost a great deal it did not seem to him to be of any value at all.

Now this was rather foolish of him, for there are a great many things that money can't buy, which don't have any price at all. Money cannot buy the very best things in the world, as you will soon see.

One morning when Bradley came down to breakfast he put on his mother's plate a little piece of paper, neatly folded. His mother opened

* Adapted from Kerr, H. T., *Children's Story Sermons*. Used by permission of the Fleming H. Revell Co.

it, and what do you think was on it? She could hardly believe it, but this is what Bradley had written:

Mother owes Bradley—

For running errands	25 cents.
For being good	10 cents.
For taking music lessons	15 cents.
Extras	5 cents.
Total that mother owes Bradley	55 cents.

His mother smiled when she read that, but she did not say anything. When lunch came she put the bill on Bradley's plate with the fifty-five cents. Bradley's eyes fairly danced when he saw the money, and he thought his business ability had been quickly rewarded. All at once he saw there was another piece of paper beside his plate, neatly folded, just like the first one. And when he opened it, what do you think he saw? Why, it was a bill from his mother! This is the way it read:

Bradley owes mother—

For being good to him	nothing.
For nursing him through his long illness with scarlet fever	nothing.
For clothes and shoes and gloves and playthings	nothing.
For all his meals and his beautiful room	nothing.
Total that Bradley owes mother	nothing.

Now what do you think that boy did when he read those words? Do you think he put the fifty-five cents in his pocket and went off whistling? I am sure you know better than that. No—the tears came into Bradley's eyes, and he put his arms around his mother's neck, and he placed his hand with the fifty-five cents in her hand, and said: "Take the money all back, mother, and just let me love you and do things for you for nothing."

PRAYER

O most merciful and loving Father, Thou alone knowest how much we owe to Thee. For what have we that we have not received? Our mothers give us so much more than we can ever count, of life, of love,

and care. But Thou givest us our mothers. Our fathers give us their long hours of toil, that we may have plenty to eat, to wear, and to enjoy. But Thou givest us our fathers. Our teachers give us daily strength and help as we strive to learn about Thee and about the world that Thou hast made. But Thou dost give us our teachers.

Life, with all its joys and sorrows, with all its friendships, its strivings, and its victories, is Thy gift, O God, to us. Teach us, our Father, the shame of unthankful hearts. May all that we possess of ease and security and friendship only make us the more eager to share our blessings with those who have made us happy, and with those, too, who have none of the good things of life which we enjoy.

Hasten the time, O God, when all men shall be as brothers; when all occasions for war and suffering shall cease; and the whole world shall grow into the fellowship of an eternal peace.

In the name of the Great Teacher and Elder Brother, Jesus Christ.

AMEN.

THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL*

Everybody was very happy at the great hospital. The little blind girl, Ellen, whom they all loved, was going home *cured*. For the first time in her life she would be able to *see* her brothers and sisters who had played with her so often. She would be able to see her mother, who had taken care of her so tenderly during her years of darkness.

"Only one more night!" Ellen said joyfully to the nurse. "How can I sleep at all!"

But the good nurse sang softly to the little girl until, without in the least meaning to do so, she slipped quietly off to dreamland. And the next thing that she heard was her father's voice saying: "Come, little daughter, it is time to wake up. We are going to start very early so that the light will not hurt your eyes. The carriage will be ready for us as soon as you have eaten your breakfast."

Ellen was six years old, and in all her life she had never seen the green grass or the trees or the shining river, whose ripples had sung her to sleep every night of her childhood. She knew the *fragrance* of

* Adapted from Mrs. C. A. Lane, *First Book of Religion*. Used by permission of the American Unitarian Association.

the pines and the violets, and even of the swift-flowing water, but what all these things *looked like* she could not in the least imagine. And now she was so glad that she could really *see* that she forgot all about her months of blindness; she forgot all about the pain of the last few days; indeed, in her eagerness to go, she almost forgot to thank the good nurses and doctors who had given her her sight and whom she really was very sorry to leave.

Soon they were in the carriage rolling rapidly away from the city along a pleasant country road. Not until then had Ellen dared to look at the strange world about her. It was so early that only the birds were awake. They were singing and calling from the bushes by the roadside. Here and there were long stretches of green grass. Ellen did not know it was grass, but it was good to look at just the same.

"Now we must put on the shade," her father said gently. "We must keep your eyes fresh and bright to see mother and the baby. When we come to the house, you shall take it off again."

At last, after what seemed to Ellen a long, long time, the carriage stopped, and the dark shade was lifted from the eager face. Suppose when you go home to-day you shut your eyes for a minute and try to fancy what it would be like never to see again! And then, when you open them once more, you will understand a little of what Ellen felt when her father took her in his arms and held her high so that she might look about her.

There was the garden where she had played ever since she was a baby, and it was filled with lovely flowers of all colors of the rainbow. Every little pebble in the path glistened and shone in the morning light. Beyond was the river running swiftly beneath the willows that dipped their trailing branches in the cool water. There was her favorite seat in the apple-tree—and, oh! what was that wonderful thing that was moving over there in the garden? "Oh, papa dear," she cried, "*is* it the cow?" The cow! My, how papa laughed and tried to whistle, and had to give it up because he couldn't laugh and whistle at the same time—for it was her own little dog that came tumbling over the garden fence, barking with joy because Ellen had come safely home again!

And then the house door flew open and a flock of boys and girls

ran down the path to welcome home their little sister whom they had missed so sadly. But papa was already striding up the steps. He could not wait for Ellen to make out which was Tom and which was Robert, and whether it was Rose or Elizabeth whose hair was like the sunshine. For there in the hall was an eager figure with arms outstretched, and little Ellen, forgetting everything else in the world, looked up, and for the first time *saw*—her mother's face!

PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that we can see all the beautiful things which Thou hast made. Every morning we open our eyes to look out upon a new world in which we shall find delight. All day we see so many things that bring us happiness—our friends, our books, our pictures, and our games. And last of all, when we drop off to sleep at night we carry with us into the land of dreams that best gift, the vision of our mother's face.

Wherever we look, Thy goodness shines forth to meet our eyes. And even in the hard places, the disagreeable tasks, the disappointments, Thy hand is still guiding us. Through difficulty and temptation we shall be made strong. We thank Thee, our Father, for all the hard things which help us to be braver and kinder and more worthy of Thy love. So wilt Thou make us pure in heart, that we may see Thy face, O God.

We would teach others about Thee. Whether as little Christians or as big Christians, may we help Thee in bringing to all men everywhere the light of the knowledge of Thy glory as it is revealed to us in the face of our Master, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

THINGS DONE FOR US

Every morning a man comes to my house and rings the buzzer and asks me if I want some ice. Then he puts a piece on the dumb-waiter and hauls it up. All I have to do is to carry it across the hall and put it in the ice-box. This seemed very easy and convenient to me when I first began to live in an apartment-house. But the other day I began to wonder if it seemed so easy to the man who hauled up the heavy

pieces of ice. So I went down cellar one day, just to see for myself how hard it was to pull up the dumb-waiter.

Well, it wasn't very hard to do it just once, when there was nothing on it. But the man who brings me ice has to do it hundreds of times every day. He starts early in the morning and pulls up dumb-waiters loaded with heavy ice for hours at a time, till one would think that his back would break. Now, he is a great, big, stalwart man, but how about the grocer's boys, who are so often slender little fellows? They have to hurry around from one house to another all day long, pulling up dumb-waiters and pulling them down again, till at the end of the day they are all tired out.

Why do they do it? Why, just so you and I can have our vegetables and groceries and ice brought to us—just so we can have a little more ease and comfort for ourselves.

The other night I was riding across town. It was very cold. It had been cold all day, as you remember. I had an overcoat on, and I sat inside the car, but I was cold even then. When I came out the conductor was rubbing his hands together and blowing on them and stamping his feet. There he stood by the open car door, right in the cold wind, without any overcoat. There he had stood all that cold day. My, how his hands must have ached!

"It's pretty chilly," I said to him.

"Yes," he said. "It's pretty cold."

Why does he do it? Why, just so you and I can ride comfortably almost anywhere we want to go.

When we are cold at home all we have to do is to turn on the radiator. But did you ever stop to think that there wouldn't be any heat there if someone down cellar did not shovel coal into the furnaces? And the coal has to be hauled laboriously up the steep hills to your door. And the man who shovels it across the sidewalk into the cellar works hard from morning to night, just so you and I can keep warm.

And that's not all of it. For the coal has to be dug up out of the ground. And the men who dig it dig hard all day long, down in the dark, damp coal-mines; and they get all dirty and black, so that it is almost impossible for them to get clean. Why? Just so you and I can have heat in our homes in winter.

And it's the same with everything we have. People are working hard all over the world just so we can have good things to eat and to wear. And sometimes they don't get any thanks for it either.

I wonder how you would feel if, after spending hours and hours making something for your mother for Christmas, she should just take it and say nothing about it and not even show she was pleased. I think perhaps you might have to swallow a little lump in your throat. You couldn't even imagine your mother doing that, could you? How often do you tell her how much you think of her for doing all she does for you? How often do you thank the Heavenly Father for the splendid things He is all the time giving you without your so much as asking for them? Don't you think that perhaps God is sometimes just a little bit sorry that we seem so ungrateful to Him?

Do you remember what one of the Gospel stories pictures Jesus as saying about God? "My Father worketh even until now, and I work," he said. *God works.* Just think, if it weren't for Him there wouldn't be any vegetables for the grocer to bring, nor any coal for the miner to dig. Men who work hard are just helping Him provide for their needs and ours. Everything good comes from God, and all we do is just to help Him bring these good things to other people.

I wonder what would happen if everybody should say "Thank you!" as though they meant it, to the grocer's boy, the doctor, the postman, the nurse, the washerwoman, the teacher, the coal man, the father, the mother, the sister and brother, and everyone else who helps them? What would happen if everyone showed he was pleased when somebody did something for him? I think I know one thing that would happen. I think the Heavenly Father would say to himself, "My Kingdom is coming at last!"

PRAYER

Our Father, Thou art very good to us. We don't often stop to think about it, but when we do we realize how much Thou art doing for us all the time. It isn't so much that Thou givest us just what we ask for. Sometimes that wouldn't be best for us. But we believe that Thou art doing what *is* best for us. Sometimes we don't think that things are going just right—just as we want them. And we for-

get that Thou art tending to things, and that Thou art bringing something good out of everything that happens. Bad things happen. Unfortunate things happen. *We* are sometimes responsible for a good deal of unhappiness and wrong. We are sorry, our Father, that we so hinder Thee in Thy work.

But we are glad, oh, so glad, that out of our mistakes and wrongs Thou canst build something worth while after all.

Forgive us for all the wrong we do and all the blunders we make, and help us to be as patient and as thoughtful for other people as Thou art for us.

And all this we ask with gratitude in our hearts for Thy best gift to us, our Teacher and Friend, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

PURRING WHEN PLEASED*

This morning I am going to tell you a story, which, if you little folks will listen very carefully, will, I think, show you why it is that we have Thanksgiving every year.

It's a story about two kittens, a cat, a little boy, and a little girl.

Once upon a time there were two kittens. One was Puss Missy and the other Puss Master. Now, Puss Missy was an affectionate little creature. It seemed sometimes as though she could hardly contain her joy, she purred so loudly when anything nice happened. But Puss Master scarcely ever purred at all.

Perhaps that was partly his mother's fault. She never purred much herself. But, then, she had had so much trouble. Cats generally have. Their kittens are taken away from them so often. And they get hissed about the house, and the dogs chase them so much.

So she and her daughter used to disagree on the subject. Every morning, for instance, when the curly-headed boy brought the kittens a saucer of milk, Puss Missy was sure to be there, singing her loudest and best, while Puss Master just took the milk as a matter of course, and said nothing about it.

Now, this is what the mother cat called keeping up one's dignity and self-respect. "Wretched little creature," she would say to poor

* Adapted from Mrs. Alfred Gatty, *Parables from Nature*. Used by permission of James Pott & Co.

Puss Missy—who would be still purring with pleasure in front of the fire—"what in the world are you making all that noise and fuss about? I am ashamed to see you make yourself so cheap by showing gratitude for every little trifle. Have a little more esteem for your own character, I do beg. What is to become of self-respect if people are to purr whenever they are pleased?"

Puss Missy, of course, would make a desperate effort to keep up her dignity and self-respect, and resolve a thousand times to purr no more. But it was all in vain. As soon as anything happened to make her happy and comfortable—throb went the little throat, and there she was purring again.

And there were many temptations. The little girl, who was the little boy's cousin, would take Puss Missy in her lap and stroke her so gently that she could not help purring. Or the boy would tie a string to the table drawer, with a spool on the end of it. And the spool would swing beautifully so the kittens could paw at it and pat it. Why, just to watch it twist and swing would make one purr with delight.

At last a change came in the kittens' lives. One day the little boy caught up the kittens and rushed with them to his pale cousin. "Cousin, they're going to give us the kittens for our very own. Just tell me which you like best. I'm so afraid you won't choose for yourself when they ask you, and, if I choose, I want to know which you'd rather have so I won't take the wrong one."

"Oh, I like them both," answered the girl, in the indifferent tone she usually used. "So do I," replied her cousin, "but I know which I like best for all that, and so must you, only you won't say. I wonder whether you really want one anyway. I'll tell you, you just smile when the one you like best goes by."

But his efforts were in vain. He passed the kittens before her eyes, and showed her all their pretty markings. But the little girl wouldn't even smile.

And so, when the first choice fell to the girl later on, it turned out just as the boy was afraid it would. Instead of saying "Thank you," and being pleased at the favor, all she would say was: "I like them both very well. It doesn't matter which I have."

And so the boy had to choose. He tried again to get some sign

from his cousin, which she liked best, but he had to give it up, and finally he cried in vexation: "Then I'll take Puss Missy. I like her much the best, because *she* purrs when she is pleased."

Some days afterward, when the boy was out, his mother came suddenly upon the little girl, who was all by herself in the room, crying and crying over Puss Missy. Puss Missy was purring loudly all the time, but Puss Master lay asleep and unnoticed by the fire. And when her aunt asked her what the trouble was, she said: "It is so miserable to play with a kitten who won't purr when he is pleased."

Then when her aunt put her arms around her and tried to comfort her, it came over her all of a sudden that she herself had been just like Puss Master all along, and she saw how much happier everybody is, and how much happier they make everyone else, if they only purr when they are pleased.

PRAYER

O God, our Heavenly Father, we rejoice and give thanks for all Thy wonderful works. Thou dost indeed deal with us not according to our desert but according to Thy great love for us. Thou hast abundantly blessed the labor of those who work in garden and field and orchard. The golden harvests are gathered in. Bountiful provision for the winter's need awaits us. And we are glad.

As we have prayed for our daily bread, so have we prayed for the coming of Thy Kingdom, that all Thy children may have more abundant life. Keep us from selfishly claiming Thy blessings for ourselves and refusing to share them with others.

We thank Thee for the blessedness of giving. We thank Thee that we are able to give, for it is indeed more blessed to give than to receive.

May our Thanksgiving Day be a day of great rejoicing in the land. We will make merry and be glad, for we cannot escape from Thy loving-kindness.

And now, O Father, for all that we have received from Thee and for all that by Thy grace we have been led to give away, we give Thee the thanks, through Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

Music

Have you ever thought how many different kinds of music there are? We have music to dance by and music which makes us feel like sliding off to dreamland. Some music makes us happy and some makes us sad. When we need rest, there is the soft music to still our hurry and strain, and to guide our thoughts into pleasant places. And when we need courage and hope, there is strong music to make us strong and send us on our way rejoicing. Some music sets us to dreaming of wonderland and magic and fairies or to planning great plans and building castles in the air.

Lately, you remember, we have been planning to do something worth doing, something which may well be expected of the children of God. So to-day Mr. C is going to play us a piece of music that will just make us eager to do something worth while. It is by Boelmann, the French composer.*

We can't take the music home with us. But we can take the memory of it, if we listen very carefully while he plays it. And during the week, when we feel tired or lazy or don't seem to care much about doing our daily duties, let's remember this bit of music by Boelmann, and then we will be ready once more to work and to be glad.

Prayer
(After the Organ)

For the joy of life, our Father, for all things beautiful and true, for the sound of rain in summer woods and the whispering murmur of the trees, for homes, for friends and playmates, for the music of laughter and singing, for songs of hope and gladness, and all the glorious music of Thy world, we thank Thee, O God, our strength and our Redeemer.

Amen.

The Ungrateful Self

For a few Sundays let's think together about our different kinds of selves. Sometimes it seems as though we had several different sorts of persons inside of us, each trying to crowd out the others. When we

*Minuet from *The Gothic Suite.*

get angry and say something mean, that's one kind. When we throw ourselves with all our energy into a basket-ball game, that's another kind. When we do our work in school, that's another kind. Some of the selves are good and some are bad, and the good and the bad are always struggling for mastery. Yet we have a feeling that, however much we may let the bad self rule us, it is the *best* self that is truly our own.

Did you know that there are people in the world who have actually grown up without a sense of gratitude; who have never *felt* grateful to anyone; who don't seem to have any grateful self? There *are* some people like that. I was reading a story the other day about one who lived a long time ago.

*Among the soldiers of King Philip of Macedon there was one who had shown himself especially brave. The King had come to trust him with important duties. On one occasion the King had despatched him on an errand to a country across the sea. The vessel had hardly left the port before a storm came up, and it was driven back upon the rocks and wrecked. All on board were lost except this one soldier. He was washed upon the shore, but he would have died there had it not been for the kindness of a poor farmer who lived close by. He picked up the soldier and took him to his own cottage and took care of him until he had revived.

As the soldier left he thanked the farmer for his kindness, and promised to come back and pay him for the expense and trouble to which he had been put. But he didn't really mean to keep his promise. Instead, he went to King Philip and said, "I know of a certain farm down by the shore which I would like to have for my own." "Who owns it now?" asked the King. "Only a poor farmer, who has never done anything for his country," said the soldier. And then, as the custom was in those days, the King told the soldier he could have the farm for his own. So the soldier went back as fast as he could and drove the farmer out and took possession of the place.

The poor farmer felt very badly, not merely to lose his land but also because the soldier had gone back on him after the kindness he had

* Adapted from Baldwin, J., *Fifty Famous Stories Retold.* Copyright, 1896, by the American Book Co. Used by permission of the publishers.

shown him. So he went to the King and told him the whole story. When the King heard it he was very angry at the soldier. He sent for him to come at once to the palace, and when he was brought before him he ordered that these words be branded upon his forehead: "The Ungrateful Guest."

When we see that self approaching on whose brow are branded the words, "The Ungrateful Self," let us summon the forces of our better selves and say to this intruder: "You can't come in!"

The Snobbish Self

Jesus once told a story about two men who went up into the temple to pray; the one was a Pharisee and the other a publican—just a nobody. The Pharisee walked 'way up front and prayed in a loud voice, saying: "O God, I thank Thee that I am not like other people—thieves, murderers, common people—nor yet like this nobody back here. I go to church, I give money to the poor, I say my prayers, I am eminently respectable."

But the publican stood far back in the temple and did not so much as raise his eyes. But he smote his breast, saying in a low voice, "Lord have mercy upon me, a sinner."

"This man, rather than the other," Jesus added, "went home with the peace of God in his heart."

What do we call a Pharisee nowadays? Why, we call him a snob. A snob is a person who thinks that for some reason or other he's better than somebody else. Maybe he thinks so because of his money, or his social position, or the clothes he wears, or because he's a little older, or a little more skilful, or because he goes to one school rather than to some other, or because he behaves in a certain way at table. Down in his heart, and usually in his manner, he says, "Thank God I'm not like ordinary folks."

Probably all of us have at some time or other found ourselves at a party with a plate of cookies in our hands. What did we do with it? Did we run off into a corner and sit down and eat them all up? And then at the end of the party did we say to our hostess, "I've had a splendid time. I'm so glad I had some cookies, even though the rest didn't have any, and I thank you for giving them to me"? What did

we really do? Why, we just passed them around. And then when the time came to go home we said to our hostess, with a clear conscience, "Thank you for letting me pass the cookies. We've *all* had a fine time."

We all wake up some day to find ourselves with a plate of cookies in our hands. It may be money, or talent of one kind or another; it may be a beautiful home and a fine family; it may be experience or skill, or beauty or strength, or even just a few years of life which we have managed to live through ahead of somebody else. Shall we take the plate and go off into a corner somewhere and enjoy it all by ourselves, and then go to God and thank Him because, although others were empty-handed, yet *we* had enough? Or shall we just *pass it around*, and then thank Him for the privilege and the fun of passing it around—and then when we come to the very end of *our* party shall we be able to say to Him, with a clear conscience, "We *all* had a good time"?

PRAYER

O God, our Father, we know that Thou dost love all men. In Thy sight all of us here on earth are brothers and sisters in one great human family. Forgive us, our Father, if we have put ourselves above anyone in our own thoughts. Only Thou dost know how much better or how much worse we are than other people. May we guard ourselves against the proud gratitude that makes us feel glad because we are better off than our brothers.

We are glad that each one of us is one of the many millions of men and women and children on this earth of Thine; that each is included in Thy plan for the world, and that each one of us shares in the good things that Thou hast given to the world.

And if Thou hast made us custodians of any special property or gift or capacity, help us to share it with our brothers and sisters, and so to discharge our responsibility as faithful stewards of Thy bounty.

We ask it in Jesus' name. AMEN.

GOODWILL

Personal Service

Last Sunday we were thinking together about what we might do as a school, or as classes, to help along the work of the Kingdom of God, to show that we really are good citizens of God's world. We didn't say anything then about what we could do as individuals. There is still the great question of how each of us, all by himself, can play the part of a good citizen. Perhaps this is not such an easy question to answer as the other, but I am sure that it is just as important. We all want to know what we can *do* to help in this great undertaking in which we have enlisted.

I'm going to tell you a story this morning which I think will help you answer this hard question. It is a story by Leo Tolstoi,* the great Russian count, and it is about a King who wanted to rule his kingdom well.

This King thought he would be able to succeed if he knew the answers to three questions. The first was: What is the right time to begin anything? The second: Who are the most important people? The third: What is the most important thing to do?

So he called all his wise men together, but each one answered the questions differently and confused the King more than ever. Finally, he heard of a hermit who lived all by himself in the woods and who was said to be very wise. So the King took off his royal robes, dressed himself in simple clothes, and rode off to find the hermit. Before reaching the hermit's house the King dismounted from his horse and left it with his body-guard and went on alone.

When the King came up the hermit was digging in the ground by his hut. He was frail and weak, and breathed hard as he dug. The King went up to him and said, "I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you three questions. First: What is the right time to do everything? Second: Who are the most important people? And third: What is the most important thing to do?"

The hermit listened to the King, but answered nothing.

* Adapted from "Three Questions," as found in Cabot, E. L., *Ethics for Children.*

"You are tired," said the King; "let me take the spade and work a while for you."

"Thank you," said the hermit; and, giving the spade to the King, he sat down on the ground.

When the King had dug a little while he stopped and repeated his questions. But the hermit only said, "Now rest a while and let me work." But the King continued to dig. Hour after hour passed, and at last the sun began to sink behind the trees. Then the King stuck the spade into the ground and said, "I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home."

"See, here comes someone running," said the hermit. "Let us see who it is."

The King turned and saw a man running out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his side and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the King he fell to the ground, fainting. The King and the hermit hastened to stop the blood, and bound up the man's wound and carried him to the hut. By this time the King was so tired that he fell asleep, and did not wake up till morning.

When he woke he saw the man gazing intently at him, and then the man said, "Forgive me!"

"I do not know you and have nothing to forgive you for," answered the King.

"But I know you," said the man. "I had followed you into the wood in order to kill you, for I thought you had wronged my brother. But your guard caught me and wounded me. I escaped from him, but I would have died if you had not taken care of me. Forgive me!"

The King was glad indeed to make peace with the man, and he forgave him at once. And then when he had taken leave of him he went out to find the hermit. He was outside, sowing seeds where they had dug the day before.

"For the last time," said the King, "I pray you to answer my questions."

"You have already been answered," said the hermit.

"How answered? What do you mean?" asked the King.

"Do you not see?" replied the hermit. "If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday, and had not dug these beds for me, I should have

fainted with the work, and, further, you would have been attacked by that man. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds, and I was the most important person, and to help me was your most important business. Then, afterward, when that man ran up, the most important time was when you were caring for him, for if you had not bound up his wounds then he would have died. So he was the most important person, and what you did for him was the most important thing to do.

"Remember, then," continued the hermit, "the one time that is most important is—*Now!* Not to-morrow. Not the next day. But now. And the most important person is the one with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will ever be with anyone else. And the most important thing to do is to help that person, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life!"

PRAYER

O God, our Heavenly Father, as we try to share in Thy work we realize how much there is to do, and how much Thou art doing all the time, which we do not know anything about.

Even as the great sun silently and quietly fills the whole earth with light and warmth, and makes all things grow, so dost Thou perform Thy mighty works, so quietly that we sometimes forget that Thou art working, working all the time, helping us every minute, caring for the little children right in the house where we live, making young men strong and old men wise and kind.

Thou art our Father, and we would grow up to be like Thee, always helping somebody, quietly and thoughtfully, always glad to give our strength in friendly and cheerful service.

We realize that all too often we are not cheerful in helping our mothers. We do not always think how we may be good to our small brothers and sisters, or help our big brothers and sisters. We often selfishly refuse to do things for our friends, although we know that we could easily make them happy. We are sorry, our Father, and we ask that Thou wilt help us to be more thoughtful for others and more cheerful in all our duties.

So may we be worthy of Thy love, worthy to be called Thy children. We ask it in the name of our Master, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

Getting Ready for Christmas

Nineteen days to Christmas! I wonder how many of us are ready for Christmas! Each year seems to find us unprepared, and then begins the hustle, the worrying and fretting, the fuming and fidgeting, so that by Christmas we are all tired out. Maybe we have missed something of what "getting ready for Christmas" means. Let me tell you about three things to do in getting ready.

The first is to plan to make the friends whom we know happy. It doesn't matter so much how we do it—a call, perhaps, or a card, or a note, or a gift we have made or picked out—it doesn't matter so long as into each gift there goes something of the affection we feel.

And the second thing is to plan to make some friends whom we don't know happy. Jesus said: If ye do good to those who love you, what do ye more than others? Did you ever notice how short the biography of Jesus is? Just a few pages—and yet how packed full it is of what he did for people he didn't know. Every day he did something for someone he never saw before and would never see again.

It is Christmas we are getting ready for. Let's try to make someone happy whom we do not know.

The third thing is to have the Christmas spirit in all our preparation. What a mockery is Christmas when we get all tired and cross and worried about it; when the people who most need it haven't got it; when there are so many who are overworked and so many who haven't any work! Is Christmas alive or dead?

All along the Connecticut Valley there are many apple-trees. I am very fond of apple-trees, perhaps partly because they are easy to climb. But I like them, too, for the apples in the fall, and for the wonderful lace work of twigs and branches silhouetted against the winter sky. But I like them best for their blossoms. Each spring there comes a time when they seem to blossom all at once, and the Sunday nearest this time the people call "White Sunday." If one stands up on a hill and looks across the valley he sees great masses of white as far as the eye can reach. The awakening life has blossomed forth in the glory of spring.

Christmas is a sort of "White Sunday," a time when the human spirit is at its best, a blossoming forth of the tree of life. But when an apple-tree is dead there are no blossoms on it. If the Christmas spirit is not a living force in our lives all the year around, how can there be any real Christmas at all?

The Road to Christmas

Introduction to "The March of the Magi Kings"

Three weeks from next Thursday is Christmas day. And two weeks from next Friday is the beginning of our Christmas festival. It hardly seems possible, does it?

Do you remember the story about the Wise Men from the East—how for days and days they rode across the desert, following the wonderful star, until they came to the birthplace of Jesus? We have a star, too, the star of God's providence; and it is leading us nearer and nearer to Christmas day.

Let's play that we are the Magi Kings these next few weeks, and that we are all travelling together across the days to Christmas. And we are going to bring presents for the Master just as they did, and we are going to give our presents to some of his friends.

To-day Mr. C is going to play a piece of music called "The March of the Magi Kings," by Dubois. Now, if we are going to be the Magi Kings, this will be our march, won't it? And the star? How about the star? Well, that is here, too. It's right in the music, leading the great chords onward, just as it led the Wise Men themselves. You see if you can *hear* it. And, as Mr. C plays, let's all start out together on our journey to Christmas.

PRAYER

(After the Organ)

O Thou who leadest us to our Christ, we thank Thee for the Christmas season.

We thank Thee for all the glad rejoicing that the Master has brought to the world. At His gracious touch dead hopes arise, sorrows flee away, and those that sit in the darkness of selfishness see the great

light of God's holy love. Nations are coming to Thy light and kings to the brightness of Thy rising, O Thou Friend of Man. For in the face of Jesus have they seen the light of the knowledge of the glory of God.

May the spirit of cheer and hope and unselfish devotion possess the hearts of all Thy children. And may all that we ourselves do as we travel over the days to Christmas—our shopping, our giving, our visiting, our playing and working and helping—be done in the spirit of our Master, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

QUARRELS

1. JOHN AND IVAN

Matt. 5 : 21, 22a, 38–48

It happened over on the East Side. People were running from all directions. The passer-by ran, too, and soon found a big crowd collected around an open space in the street where two boys stood facing each other. The crowd was jeering and cheering, crying: "Go to it, John; beat him up. Oh, you're a coward!" "Give him another, Ivan." But, strange to say, there didn't seem to be any fight going on. John just stood there. "Ivan hit him," said someone in explanation. "You see, John's been here quite a while, maybe two years; but Ivan has just come over, and he wants to show 'em that he's just as good as anybody. So he struck John to try to make him fight. But John won't."

After they had grown tired of waiting, the crowd gradually disappeared. They had urged and goaded and nagged and called names, but John wouldn't fight. He just stood there with his arm held tight at his side, anger and scorn written all over his face, but saying to himself: "I won't, I won't, I won't."

When everybody had gone the passer-by went up to John and said, "Why wouldn't you fight?"

"Well," said John, "I wanted to like everything, but I learned in Sunday school that a Christian won't hit back."

It sounds like a made-up story, but it isn't. It really happened. And I think John did well not to fight. He didn't have anybody to

help him. He was all alone. He was angry. He wanted to hit back. But he knew he ought not to, and he had courage enough to stand his ground.

Jesus, you remember, said something about not hitting back. But he said some other things, too, some of which even John forgot. I read them to you a moment ago. During this week see if you can discover something Jesus said that John forgot. And next Sunday I'll tell you about some other boys who almost had a fight but didn't.

PRAYER

Our Father in Heaven, we know that Thou desirest that men should live together in unity and peace. We know how awful a thing is war. And yet if it seems so horrible to us who know so little, how much more horrible is it to Thee who dost know every pain, who dost share the burden of every broken heart, who must endure the disappointment and strain of a world gone wrong.

Canst Thou forgive us, our Father, for adding to all this burden our own petty striving and quarrelling and fretful fault-finding?

Teach us to love peace for Thy sake. And when we are tempted to answer back, or to be provoked or angry, or to complain about things, or whenever we feel like provoking someone else, help us then, our Father, to remember that we are followers of Christ and that Christians do not do these things. AMEN.

QUARRELS

2. GEORGE AND WILLIE*

On one of those rare warm days we sometimes have in April two boys were playing marbles. The name of one was George and the name of the other, Willie. The place where they were playing happened to be right near the house where George lived. George's mother was sitting by the open window. Presently, as the game went on, she heard George say: "Aw, you cheated." "I didn't either," said Willie. "You did." "I didn't." "You did." "I didn't." "You did." By that time

* Adapted from Bayley, F. T., *Little Ten Minutes*, "A Quarrel at Marbles and What Stopped It." Used by permission of the Fleming H. Revell Co.

the game had stopped and it looked as though there would be a fight the next minute.

But just then the boys heard George's mother calling from the window: "Sing it, boys, sing it." And before they knew it this strange song came from the house. I can't sing it very well, but it was something like this: "Oh, Willie, you cheated! Oh, Willie, you cheated! Oh, Willie, you cheated! But I didn't cheat you." "Sing it, boys," she said.

The boys had begun to smile by this time and to look sort of sheepish. They couldn't very well fight now, so in half a minute the game was going again as though nothing had happened.

Well, John and Ivan didn't fight either. Do you remember what Jesus said about being angry? John wouldn't fight because he knew he ought not to, and he did well not to; but he wanted to, all the same. He didn't stop being angry, and I don't believe George and Willie would even have stopped fighting if it hadn't been for George's mother. She taught them a new way to stop fighting, and that was to stop *wanting* to. George and Willie stopped being angry. They discovered that they couldn't be angry and good-natured at the same time. The moment they tried to *sing* the mean things they were thinking and saying they found they didn't *want* to say them, that ugly words can't be sung.

And so now we have two ways of avoiding fights. They are both good ways. But the best way of all I'll tell you about next Sunday.

Quarrels

3. Two Monks*

I Cor. 13

On the hills of Europe are the ruins of many monasteries. A long time ago men who were called monks lived in these monasteries. The best of these monks did a great many wonderful things. Some of them painted great pictures which we still admire. Some wrote and played and sang music which we still love. Some spent years in making copies of the Bible, doing all the lettering by hand, before there were any printing-presses, and these beautiful manuscripts can still be seen in

* Adapted from Bayley, F. T., *Little Ten Minutes*, "Two Monks Who Tried to Quarrel." Used by permission of the Fleming H. Revell Co.

the museums. Many of the monks often went down to the villages 'round about, reading and preaching to the people and helping them in various ways. Altogether, they lived a peaceful, happy, and useful life.

One day one of these monks said to another, "Let's have a quarrel!" "A quarrel?" said his friend. "What's a quarrel? I'm sure I don't know how to quarrel." "Very well," said the first monk, "I'll show you." So the first monk tried to show the second one how to quarrel.

"Now, you see this brick," he said. "We will place it on the ground between us. Then I will say: 'This brick is mine.' Then you must say: 'Oh, no! It is mine.' Then I will say: 'But I say it is mine,' and so we shall have a quarrel." "All right," said the second monk, "let's begin."

So the first monk put a brick down on the ground. "Do you see that brick? Well, it's mine." "Oh, no," said the other, "it is mine." "But I tell you it is mine," shouted the first monk. "Well, then," said the other, "well, then—take it!" They had *forgotten how* to quarrel.

How often we quarrel over petty little trifles. We think that war is a terrible thing, and yet war is just quarrelling and fighting on a big scale—and sometimes things that nations quarrel about are just trifles. If people could only forget how to quarrel there wouldn't be any more war.

John, you remember, did not fight Ivan. He knew he ought not to, and he controlled his arm. But still he was angry.

George and Willie did not fight. They got control of their anger by trying to be good-natured.

The monks did not fight. They had forgotten how. They had lived so long in friendliness and peace that it was impossible for them even to get angry.

Jesus said: First, don't hit back; second, don't be angry, even in your heart; third, love even your enemies, and do good to those who do you harm, as well as to those who are good to you, so that you may be children of your Heavenly Father. Love conquereth all things. Let's all forget how to quarrel.

PRAYER

Father in Heaven, forgive us that we are so ready to quarrel. Forgive us for the unfriendly words that have escaped our lips and burned into the hearts of our friends. Our angry and spiteful thoughts go jarring and jangling through the courts of heaven, and we are ashamed.

Make us lovers of peace and concord. So fill our hearts with kindness and goodwill that there will be no room in our lives for envy or scorn or hate.

Bring peace speedily, O God, to our suffering world. May men everywhere come to the knowledge of Thy love, that they may overcome hatred and prejudice, and make real on earth Thy Kingdom of Righteousness and Peace.

And this we ask in the name of Jesus our Master. AMEN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

I am going to tell you a Christmas story this morning. It may not seem like a Christmas story at first, because it happened last October. You have all heard it or one like it. For the really big part of the story is true of many people. It is about a man who all the year 'round *lived* in the spirit of Christmas.

His name was William Rugh, and his home was Gary, Indiana. He was born a cripple. So he never grew big and tall like other boys. About the only thing he could do was to sell newspapers. But he did that so well that he and his deaf-and-dumb partner had worked up a quite flourishing business. Everybody liked him. Many would go far out of their way to buy a paper of him, because they did not want to miss his cheery "Good morning" and his happy smile. In spite of his physical deformity, he had a pleasant word for everyone.

One day he heard that there was a girl in the hospital in Gary who had been so badly burned that she was not likely to live. The only thing that could save her life was some skin from the body of a living person to replace what had been destroyed. William Rugh was the one who offered to help. He told the physicians that they might have his crippled leg. Not so much to give, perhaps, just a useless limb.

But he knew that to have even this withered limb removed was a grave risk to his own frail life. And he gladly took the risk for the sake of someone he had never seen. "I want to be of use to somebody," he said. And he *was* of use. But he never recovered from the operation. Was he filled with regret, then, to feel that he had given a life when he intended to give only a useless limb? Not at all. Almost his last words were of thankfulness that he could have really been of use to somebody. "I'm glad I did it, Doc," he said. "I'm glad I'm *some* use after all." And the girl did *not* die.

For such a deed of perfect devotion and of heroic chivalry, what more beautiful memorial could there be than the living form and the eternal gratitude of the one who was thus saved through his sacrifice?

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." That's what William Rugh did.

Nineteen centuries ago someone else did it. And since then many others have followed his example. Before Jesus came people did not often think it worth while to do much for others. In many places they would have scoffed at William Rugh. But when Jesus taught men what a wonderful thing it is just to give—just to *give* without bothering about the getting—then men began to honor and admire those who forgot themselves in glad devotion to the needs of others. It is because Jesus lived that thousands of men and women and children all over the world can unite to-day, not to mock, but to honor and revere and to love the hero of Gary. In the life of William Rugh there was present the spirit of him whose coming we to-day are celebrating, the spirit of him who gave himself that all men might have a more abundant, larger, happier, worthier life. And so, you see, that's why I called this a Christmas story.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father, we are glad that Christmas comes every year. The thought of Christmas and of all that it means fills us so full of good cheer and goodwill that we can step out into the new year with eagerness and confidence and a kindly feeling for everyone. We like to have people give us things. We are glad in knowing that they love us. But we are glad most of all that we are able to give things to our friends, to

show them that we love them. Sometimes we cannot give much, but Thou hast taught us, our Father, that the greatest gift in the world is Love.

In the joy of Christmas, amid all the excitement and the glitter of gifts and candles, in our good times at home and in the fellowship of friends, may we not forget, O most merciful Father, those who have no Christmas! May we not forget the many, many boys and girls and men and women for whom Christmas is full of toil and hardship and sad memories—the many who have no money to buy gifts with, no friends to buy them for, no Christmas tree, no home, no comfort.

Oh, may the glow of the Christmas spirit not grow cold as we think of them! But rather may the warm fire of goodwill, which the joy of Christmas has kindled in our hearts, burn more brightly, and spread abroad its warmth and cheer to those who are lonely and hungry and cold.

So shall little deeds of kindness fall like snowflakes from the sky and cover the earth with a garment of white; and in the glorious sunlight of God's love all things shall sparkle and glitter and shine with the spirit of Christmas.

And as we offer our prayer we think of Jesus, whom we love, who came as the first Christmas gift to the world, and in whose face we have seen the light of the knowledge of Thy glory. AMEN.

THE FIR-TREE THAT FOUND SOMETHING TO DO

A CHRISTMAS STORY*

Far away in the woods of Maine stood a small evergreen-tree. It was the kind of tree that some persons call fir and others balsam.

This little tree had a beautiful home. It was surrounded by tall trees—oaks and hemlocks and pines and spruces. Squirrels scampered through its branches, and at its feet flowed a cool brook in which speckled trout darted and leaped.

But this little fir-tree was sad, and I will tell you why. That day a gentleman wandering through the woods with his young son had stopped near the little fir-tree. The boy was asking about all the trees. "What kind of tree is that?" said he. "That," replied the father, "is an oak-tree." "And what is it used for?" said the boy. The

*A story told by Professor George A. Coe at the Christmas celebration of the Union School of Religion, 1913.

father replied: "It will be cut down next winter and sawn into boards, and at last it will turn into doors, and door-cases, and window-casings, and such things."

Then the little fir-tree said to itself: "Oh, I wish I were an oak-tree, so that I could be a door, and swing to and fro, and let people in from the cold!"

"And what is that tall tree there?" said the boy. The father replied: "That is a spruce-tree. It will be cut down next winter and made into a tall mast to help move a great ship across the ocean."

Then the little fir-tree said to itself: "Oh, I wish I were a spruce-tree, so that I could be a mast to help move a great ship across the ocean."

Then the boy asked: "And what will they do with this little tree here?" The little fir-tree held its breath.

The father said: "They can't make good timber out of fir-trees; and, anyway, this one is too small."

Now you know why the little fir-tree was so sad. It said to itself, "Oh, I wish I were bigger, and I wish I were somebody else, so that I could be good for something. I'd like to be a door, to swing to and fro, and let people in out of the cold, or a mast to help move a great ship across the ocean. But I'm nothing but a little fir-tree."

The next winter men came and cut down the great oak-tree to help build a house, and they cut down the tall spruce-tree to help make a ship; but they passed the little fir-tree by.

One day, however, two other men came, carrying axes on their shoulders. One of them said, "There's a good one," pointing straight to the little fir-tree. "Oh," said the little fir-tree, "I wonder what they mean. I wonder what I'm good for." One of the men cut the little fir-tree down, and then they tied it up and put it with other fir-trees into a wagon. In a little while the trees were taken from the wagon and put into a railroad-car. For days and days they journeyed through snow-covered fields until at last they reached a great city where they were placed on the sidewalk in front of a market.

Then the sad little fir-tree was put into a wagon again and taken up a hill. All the time it was saying to itself: "I wonder what they're going to do with me. I suspect I'm good for something, but I don't see what it is."

Just then the wagon stopped in front of a great stone building. The little fir-tree was taken into the building and up a flight of stairs. There its limbs were untied, and in a moment it found itself standing in the middle of a large square room. The little fir-tree noticed that the woodwork of this room was all of oak. Then it said, "Dear me! I wish I were an oak-tree!"

By this time the little fir-tree was weary. So it went to sleep for a while. When it waked up it felt queer. So it looked down at itself, and there it found festoons of silver tinsel stretching from branch to branch, and little shiny balls and other baubles hanging on twigs; and running among the branches was a mysterious green cord with little colored glass bulbs upon it; and there, on some of the lower limbs, and on the floor underneath, were dolls, and balls, and picture-books, and other toys, and warm mittens for little hands, and packages wrapped up in paper. The little fir-tree could only guess what was inside. "My! my!" said the little fir-tree, "I feel that I'm beginning to be good for something."

It went to sleep again, and when it waked up the room was all dark. But music was sounding softly. It was the voices of children singing in the distance about a baby and its mother and about a love that fills earth and heaven. "I wonder," said the little fir-tree, "whether I have any part in this love that fills earth and heaven."

Presently it heard a crowd of little feet moving in the dark, and there were children's voices whispering as if something were about to happen. The little fir-tree became excited. Just then all the glass bulbs among the branches began to shine. There were sparkles of red, and green, and blue, and white; and in an instant the whole tree was aglow. The little children clapped their hands and shouted and danced with glee, and the little fir-tree became so happy that it wanted to dance, too.

Late that night, when everybody had gone home and all the lights were out, the little fir-tree, once so sad, began to laugh quietly and to sing to itself, and this is what it sang:

"God has for everyone some use;
He has a plan for me.
Though I cannot be an oak or spruce,
I can be a Christmas tree!"

Resolutions

Mr. Santa Claus is not the only one who is being neglected nowadays. Mr. New Year's Resolution and all his many brothers and sisters seem to be getting old-fashioned, too. I don't hear about them as much as I used to. Along about January first I sometimes see one or two of the family and hear about some of the others who have turned up after a long absence. But by February most of these have disappeared. No one seems to know just where they go. I suppose the reason we can't keep them for our friends is that we are fickle. We don't stand by them and stick to them. Fickleness destroys friendship. But of course there are a few we always keep. Let me tell you the names of some. You will all recognize them.

First. I will be on time for breakfast every morning. Is he a friend of yours?

Second. When I promise to do a thing, I'll do it. He's not always a pleasant companion, but the better you know him the better you like him.

Third. I will not say anything mean about anybody. He's been a good friend of mine, and has stood me in good stead many a time.

Fourth. Perhaps you hadn't thought of this being a member of the Resolution family, but, when you come to think of it, it is. Listen: "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

Fifth. This doesn't sound like a resolution either, but it really is one of the finest of all. "The man worth while is the man with a smile when everything goes dead wrong." If you don't know this fellow, make his acquaintance and stick to him. He'll help you out of many a scrape.

Sixth. The last one is the best of all. "Forgetting the things that are behind, I press on." Notice, that doesn't say to forget everything—only the things that are behind, the bad things, the unworthy things, the disappointments and failures. The good things, the hopes and pleasures and dreams and achievements and plans—these are not behind us. Some are 'way *ahead* of us, pulling us on to better and nobler things. Toward these we press on, into the year that lies before us.

Tennyson has put this resolution into a poem. Let me read it to you.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new;
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

—*Tennyson.*

PRAYER

O God, our Father, we thank Thee that Thou art the God of the Future as well as of the Past. As we go forward into the New Year we do not go without Thee.

In the year that has passed we have sometimes been tempted to doubt Thee. Forgive us for our lack of confidence in Thee, O Thou Eternal God.

And now we would once more acknowledge Thy leadership, and consecrate ourselves to Thy will. If we have made in our hearts any worthy resolves, help us to keep them faithfully; and may our supreme resolution be to follow our Master, Jesus Christ, every day of our lives.

We ask it in his name. AMEN.

The Story of a Family Portrait*

Every room in the house was full of bustling preparation. For to-day their son was to leave home to make his own way in the world. His name was Theodore, which means "Gift of God." His parents had given him this name when he was a little baby because they were so happy to have him. And now the time of parting had come.

Before the farewells were spoken, his father took him aside and, drawing a thin package from his pocket, said: "Theodore, you have a brother whom you have never seen. His happiness and yours depends upon your finding each other. Here is an ancient family portrait that shows the features that are characteristic of our line. By this you shall know which of all the men you meet is your brother. Do not look at it now; put it into your pocket. But as you move among men study it frequently."

That night Theodore, alone and away from home, opened the little package in order to have a look at the family portrait that he had never seen. "Ha!" said he. "This is not a portrait, this is only a mirror! The face that I see is my own. This is strange. But I can use this mirror to comb my hair by and to adjust my neckties."

So it was day after day. In the ancient portrait Theodore saw only his own face, and he nearly forgot that he had a brother whose happiness as well as his depended upon their finding each other.

But what Theodore took to be only a mirror was destined to bring him strange experiences. First, he began to notice that whenever he had particularly enjoyed the companionship of a friend, the supposed mirror gave back, momentarily, the friend's features as well as Theodore's own. The oddest thing about it was that the one face had in it the look of two men at the same time, his own look and his friend's look.

One day, when Theodore was canoeing upon the river, his canoe capsized and he was in danger of drowning. A gentleman upon the shore, an entire stranger, leaped into the water and saved his life. In the excitement and confusion, before one could collect oneself sufficiently to frame thankful words, the gentleman slipped away and disappeared. No one knew his name, or whence he had come, or whither he had gone. That

* A story by George A. Coe.

evening, when Theodore looked into the family portrait, "Ha!" said he. "Here is the portrait of my rescuer! His features and mine are both here in a single face! Surely, he must be my brother. But he is gone; we have not found each other."

Theodore's occupation took him, on another day, to the most neglected quarter of the town. A bleak November wind claimed possession of the street. Bareheaded women in thin shawls hurried past him. Half-clad, half-fed children played feebly upon the pavement. A drunken man staggered among the children and struck one of them—his own daughter. In one of the tenements Theodore saw a haggard woman dying inch by inch of tuberculosis. He had been delicately reared; such sights he had never seen; he drew back from them. But he could not escape them, for somehow they got into the family portrait. Theodore still saw his own face there, but in his very own features he beheld the pinch of hunger, the misery of sickness, the despair of sin. "Why!" he exclaimed, "all the wretched creatures I have seen this day are there in my own face!"

Then something still more startling happened. A quarrel arose. At first there was only a misunderstanding. But the misunderstanding led to scornful words; scornful words led to threats; and threats ended in blows. Blinded by his anger, Theodore struck with all his might, and his adversary fell, bruised and bleeding. That evening, proud of his victory, Theodore looked at the family portrait, and lo! the wound that he had inflicted upon his adversary was in his own face.

Then came war. He enlisted, went to the front, and fought valiantly in the trenches. Here the ancient portrait, which he carried with him wherever he went, became a sort of companion to him. For now he could see the features of his whole regiment in the one countenance that he called his own. Day after day, as he studied the portrait, he saw the regiment in himself and himself in the regiment. Day after day he said, "Every man in the regiment is my brother." Thus the portrait comforted him in his privations; and it helped him to fight.

But one day, even as he was examining the ancient portrait, a change began to come over it. A look appeared that he had never seen there before. It was as if a thousnnd repulsive, malicious faces flitted through it all in an instant. "What can this mean?" he was starting to say,

when suddenly the order came to advance upon the enemy. Once more the battle roared; once more Theodore was fighting shoulder to shoulder with the men of his regiment—every one of them his brother. Round him men were bleeding and dying—every one of them his brother. And there in front was the enemy, the enemy! One consuming passion took possession of him—to kill, to kill, to kill! The fighting came to close quarters; firing gave way to bayonet charges, and Theodore found himself in man-to-man conflict with one of the hated enemy. In an instant each had wounded the other, and each fell, bleeding but not dying. There the two foemen lay, side by side, through a long night of agony.

As day was dawning church-bells in a distant village began to chime. Theodore listened. "They are ringing a Christmas carol," said he:

"'To God on high all glory be
For peace shall be on earth.'

I used to sing that carol when I was a child. I had forgotten all about Christmas."

Back flew his thoughts to the old home—his happy childhood, the Christmas stockings, and then his father saying: "Theodore, you have a brother."

Said Theodore, "The portrait, the portrait!" He drew it from his bosom, and lo! it gave back the face of his own childhood, then the face of his mother, then his father, his friends, his unknown rescuer, his wretched neighbors, the acquaintance with whom he had quarrelled, the members of his regiment, then—the foe who lay wounded by his side, then the whole army of the enemy, and at last a baby in a manger! And somehow in every one of them Theodore beheld his very own face.

Then it came to him: Christmas had made it all clear. Theodore had found his brother at last.

The bells in the distance were ringing:

"To God on high all glory be,
For peace shall be on earth."

REVERENCE

The Great Stone Face*

Text: Phil. 4 : 8

Away up among the mountains of the north there is a place where the rocks of an overhanging cliff have, by some strange chance, so piled themselves together as to form the profile of a great stone face—the Old Man of the Mountain they call it. Huge, majestic, serene, it stands there unchanging through the centuries, looking out over the hills like some mighty guardian of the valley beneath.

Legends about the Great Stone Face had been told among the people for many generations. One of them was that some day a child should be born in the valley who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of the time and whose countenance should bear an exact resemblance to the Old Man of the Mountain.

One day a boy whose name was Ernest heard the story, and he began to wonder about it. He used to gaze for hours at the vast features, and his fancy would color them with dignity and power. It seemed to him to be the most wonderful face he had ever seen, and he longed for the time to come when the great man should appear who was to be like this old guardian of the valley.

Many years went by, and still he used to go and look up at the Old Man of the Mountain. And as he meditated upon its peaceful dignity, its calm grandeur, he sometimes had strange moments when it seemed as though he could talk with it. And he would think and think about the deep things of the human heart or of some great good which was to come to mankind. Day by day he lived and grew wise in the presence of beautiful thoughts.

Did you ever notice how the expression on people's faces seems to tell you what they are thinking about? A person who is all frowns outside is pretty apt to be cross inside, isn't he? And one whose face is covered with cheery smiles is probably happy and kind and pleasant to talk with. That is how it was that Ernest's face began to show how strong and thoughtful a man he was.

* Based on Hawthorne's story. Theme used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Co.

Now and then, as time went on, someone who had been born in the valley and had gone away would come back to the village where Ernest lived—someone who had won power and fame in the great world. And the villagers would always think that at last the man had come who should fulfil the prophecy of the old legend. But no. Ernest was always disappointed. None that he saw ever seemed so beautiful as the Great Stone Face.

By and by he grew to be an old man, and still no one came to fulfil the prophecy. His friends had not thought of him as being great at all. He was just a simple workman like the rest. But no one ever talked with him without feeling better and happier. He spoke truths that moulded the lives of all who heard him. In the evening at sunset the people would often gather after work, and he would speak to them in his simple way, explaining to them some of the mysteries of life.

One evening, as Ernest was preaching to the people as his custom was, a strange thing happened. They were gathered on a hillside from which all could see the massive features of the Old Man of the Mountain. The preacher had begun to talk to them, and as the evening sun cast its soft glow over the valley its rays rested on his face. Never before had the people noticed in Ernest's expression the calm dignity, the beauty, the strength and tenderness. Suddenly someone in the audience threw up his arms and cried:

"Look! Look! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!"

And it was so. As he had been thinking about that silent figure, and about what the good man would be like who should have a countenance so wonderful and strong, his own features seemed to have grown like that of which he thought, and his own face had come to glow with all the peace and beauty and power that he had seen in the old man of stone up there on the mountain. By living in fellowship with what is good and pure and true, he had himself fulfilled the ancient prophecy.

PRAYER

O God, our Father, everything that is beautiful and good cometh from Thee. We thank Thee that Thou hast so made us that we can enjoy the memory of all that we have seen. We are glad that we can

think when we will about the mountains and the sunsets, the woods and the flowers, which we have known and loved, and about the stories we have read, and the pictures we have delighted in.

Thou art teaching us day by day to know and to desire the things that are worth knowing, and to put away from our thoughts all that is mean and unworthy. As we go about our studies, in our work, in our games, and in all our companionships with one another, may we be ever looking for what is noble and honorable and true, because we know that it is of these things that Thou dost think.

And so by thus living day by day with the memories and the thoughts and the purposes of which Thou dost approve, shall we fit ourselves for more and more perfect companionship with Thee, our Father and our Friend.

And all this we ask and achieve through the friendship and the grace of our Master, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

ON PRAYER

There was once a little girl * who thought that God lived away off somewhere and didn't pay any attention to small folks. So one day she said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me. I have such a little voice I don't think He could hear it 'way up in heaven." But her father said to her, "If God were surrounded by all the angels singing one of the most beautiful songs that was ever heard in heaven, He would say to them: 'Hush! Stop singing for a little while. There is a little girl who wants to tell me something, and I must listen to what she has to say.' " So the little girl wasn't afraid to speak to God herself after that.

A long, long time ago people used to think that God would sometimes appear like a man and come to visit them unexpectedly. We know now that He doesn't do that. He doesn't have to come to visit us. He is with us all the time, although we never see Him. Sometimes we wonder what He is like, and we cannot help thinking that He must be like Jesus. We remember what a big strong man Jesus was and how he was always trying to help somebody out of a difficulty, or

* This story is suggested by "A Little Girl's Prayer," Kerr, H. T., *Children's Story Sermons*. Used by permission of the Fleming H. Revell Co.

make somebody well, or tell someone how to be happy and brave in misfortune, or teach people how to live together as children of the Heavenly Father, and we think that God must be like him. God is our friend and He wants us to be His friends.

Prayer is just talking with our Father. And He is not far away. We do not have to talk very loud for Him to hear. Indeed, when any one even *begins* to pray, God is already in his heart, helping him to pray.

A little boy* once went out to walk with his father. "Shall I take hold of your hand?" asked his father. "No," said the boy, "let me take hold of yours." So they started out. Pretty soon the little boy stumbled, and he let go of his father's hand and fell down. When he got up he said, "Father, this time you take hold of my hand." And so the father reached down and took hold of the little boy's hand, and he reached up and held tight to his father's hand. And the next time he stumbled he didn't fall, because he wasn't doing all the holding himself.

So God takes hold of our hands when we reach up to take hold of His. Whatever we try to do, He is there, ready to help us. He always wants to have us talk with Him about things. Of course, we always want to think about Him in the morning, just as we say good morning to our fathers or our mothers or our friends. And just as our mothers sometimes come and talk with us a little while when we go to bed, so we like to speak with God before we drop off to sleep.

But He likes us to come to Him any time at all. At noon or in the middle of the morning, or whenever we have something hard to do, or whenever something has made us happy, or whenever we have done wrong, then He wants us to feel that He shares with us all our troubles and all our pleasures.

Sometimes we pray when we are alone, and sometimes we pray when we are all together, as we are in church or in Sunday school. Then we realize that we all belong to the great family of God, and, whether old folks or young folks, we are all children of our Heavenly Father.

* This incident is suggested by "The Father's Hand," Bayley, F. T., *Little Ten Minutes*. Used by permission of the Fleming H. Revell Co.

PRAYER

O God, our Father, we thank Thee that whatever happens to us or whatever we do, Thou art always our Friend. We are glad that we can come to Thee at any time, for Thou art always near us. Whether we are thinking of Thee or not, Thou art always thinking of us. Forgive us, our Father, that we so often forget Thee. We have often been disloyal to what we know to be right. At such times we are indeed not fit to be called Thy children. Yet Thy kindness never fails. We can never get beyond Thy love and care.

Help us, our Father, to think often of Thee and to talk with Thee about all that gives us happiness or pain. Give us strength and wisdom for every difficulty. Help us, in our studies, to be faithful and honorable. Help us, in our games and our good times, to be courteous and thoughtful for others and fair-minded. Help us, in our homes, to be useful and obedient.

So may we learn to turn to Thee at all times and to live in constant and loving companionship with Thee and with all Thy children, for the sake of our Master, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

(Read Luke 11 : 1–4.)

When you pray, say "Father." Some of your fathers are doctors, some are lawyers or business men, some are professors. And you are proud of it. But I venture to say that when you are talking with your father you don't say to him: "Doctor, may I do this?" Or when you are at the dinner-table you don't say: "Professor, may I have that?" No, you say "Father."

We like to think of all that God does—how He makes this great big earth turn 'round and 'round so that the sun can keep it all warm.

"The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth His handiwork."
"O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is Thy name in all the earth,
Who hast set Thy glory upon the heavens."

We like to think of all that, but when we talk to Him we say "Father." How simple it all is, then, as soon as we use that familiar name. The very name Father is precious to us, and so we say: "Father, hallowed be Thy name."

Now, when our fathers start out in the morning for their hard day's work, what is the last thing we say to them? Well, when we stop to think about it, perhaps we say: "Father, I hope things will go well with you to-day."

A short time ago a friend of mine who was sick said to the doctor: "How are things going?" "It's been a hard day," the doctor answered. "No one seems to be getting better." The big, cheery doctor, who helps us so much when we are sick, is often tired and discouraged. His work doesn't always go well. And it's the same way with everyone who works hard. And so we wish our fathers well as they start off to work in the morning.

Now, God is working, too. We call His work the building of the Kingdom of Heaven. And so when we pray to God we say: "Father, may Thy Kingdom come; may what Thou desirest for the world be accomplished; may Thy will be done." And perhaps we say between the lines: "And we will try not to do anything to hinder the coming of Thy Kingdom."

And then we say: "Give us day by day our daily bread." Give us meat and vegetables and clothes and warm houses and pictures and books and friends; we need these things and we know that they come from Thee, and we believe that Thou dost desire that every child of Thine should have enough to eat and to enjoy. And perhaps we say between the lines, again: "And we will do all that we can to help every child of Thine to have enough to eat and to enjoy."

Perhaps you who are older have seen your father, when he comes home at night, take your small brother John on his knee and say: "Have you been a good boy to-day?" John looks sheepishly at his mother and says no, he hasn't been a good boy to-day. "Well, well, what's been the trouble?" Well, John was mean to his sister Helen. Then Helen gets up on the other knee. "Have you been a good girl to-day, Helen?" No, Helen has not been a good girl. Helen was mean to John. "Have you made it all up between you?" Oh, yes, Helen had

forgiven John and John had forgiven Helen. "Well, then," says the father, "I will forgive you both, and we will all be friends again."

Forgive us our sins, our trespasses, even as we ourselves have forgiven those that have sinned against us.

"And lead us not into temptation." You will know better what that means by and by. But you young men and young women to whom life is beginning to present perplexing problems day by day, you know, or you soon will know, what it means to be tempted. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation. But know that with every temptation God provideth also the means of escape. Ask Him, therefore, to help you. Ask Him to deliver you from evil that you may be strong and pure; and to Him shall belong the glory of His kingdom.

Let us all bow our heads and say together the prayer our Master taught us.

(Saying here the Lord's Prayer.)

How God Speaks to Us

1. In the Cry of Human Need

I will read the story of the vision that came to Isaiah the prophet: (Read Is. 6 : 1–8.)

The Bible is full of stories of men who practised the presence of God. Isaiah was one of them. The Bible tells us a great many things that they said to God. But, better still, it tells us some of the things God said to them. How unsatisfactory it would be to talk to God if He never said anything to us. It would be like trying to talk to a statue. What's the use of talking to a statue? When you little folks talk to your dolls you pretend at least that they can talk, too. Otherwise it wouldn't be any fun. Prayer is empty unless we are convinced that God speaks to us.

But sometimes we are puzzled about *how* He speaks to us. And so for a few Sundays I want to have you think with me of the ways in which God speaks to us. To-day is the first way.

God speaks to us in the cry of human need. That's the way He spoke to Isaiah in the story I read. His people were bad. They were miserable. Everything was confused and horrible and indecent. Crime and want and shame stalked abroad. And Isaiah heard the voice of

his people coming to him as the very voice of God, saying: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for me?" And he said, "Here am I, send me."

Some of you have been earning some money for the Day Nursery. Perhaps you have been down to see it. You have seen the youngsters there who have so little to make them happy—no homes to care for them, no toys except what you take to them. And your hearts were touched by their poverty and lonesomeness. Just at that moment, when you felt their need, then God spoke to you. And you said, "Here we are, send us!" And you went, with your money and toys and mittens and clothes.

Belgium was laid waste by war. Her people cried out for help in their distress. And America heard their cry and said: "Here we are, send us." And we went, with our ships of flour and clothes and money.

Some of you have a sick classmate. For a while he was very sick and he suffered a good deal. And you knew it.—Just at that moment when you felt sorry for him and wanted to do something for him, just then God spoke to you and said: "Who will go for me?" And you went with your flowers and letters.

In this city thousands of people are destitute, without money and without work—many are starving and cold and homeless. The voice of God is thundering in our ears day and night, and yet there are people in this city who do not even hear it. And there are some who hear it and say: "Don't send me, I'm busy; send someone else!"

The voice of God speaks to us in the cry of human need, saying: "Whom shall I send, and who will go for me?" And when *Isaiah* heard it, *he* said, "Here am *I;* send *me.*"

PRAYER

O God, our Father, Thou art speaking to us in so many ways, and we are so dull we do not even hear Thee. Out of the depths do men cry unto Thee for help, and how canst Thou help them, save as Thy children hear their cry and answer it?

Thou art calling to us out of the needs of Thy people everywhere. Teach us to listen for Thy voice speaking to us in our hearts. And when Thou dost ask us to help Thee, O may we not refuse.

We ask it in Jesus' name. AMEN.

How God Speaks to Us

2. The Voice of Conscience

I Kings 19 : 1–4, 8–15a (ending with "Go, return by the wilderness to Damascus")

Last Sunday we were thinking of how God speaks to us in the cry of human need. That is the way He spoke to Isaiah. That is the way He speaks to us. But there is another way. I read to you about it in the Scripture lesson, and it is what I want to speak of to-day—God speaks to us in the voice of conscience. "Stern daughter of the voice of God, O Duty!"

Elijah was a reformer. He knew his people were doing wrong, and he undertook to call them to account. As in the case of so many other reformers, the people didn't like it, particularly the ones he was attacking. The queen was very bitter against him and threatened to put him to death. And, like many other reformers, he had to flee for his life. He ran away and hid in a cave. Then came the storm—but God was not in the storm—and then the earthquake and the fire, and, last of all, the still small voice of Jehovah. He thought God would speak to him to pity and comfort him and tell him how well he had done. But, instead of that, Jehovah said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" And Elijah said, "I have done all I could for Jehovah, for the people have forsaken Thy covenant and slain Thy prophets, and I'm the only good man left in the world, and now they seek my life to take it away." And Jehovah said, "You have no business to be here. You have work to do in the world. Go, return to Damascus." Elijah knew it 'way down in his heart. That's why he heard the voice. We call it conscience. In the Old Testament they didn't call it that; they said "Jehovah said" or "Thus saith the Lord." But it's all the same voice.

Whenever I read this story of Elijah I can almost hear the words as they ring down the ages—"What doest thou here, Elijah?" I seem to recognize them—and why should I not? It is the voice of God.

Sometimes we catch ourselves thinking of something unfair or dishonest or mean—some bit of unworthy gossip, some advantage we might take of someone. And then the voice inside says, "Don't do

it," and we feel sort of guilty, even though we haven't done it. When you feel that way it is the voice of God speaking to you.

Sometimes we have to keep an appointment—to be on time for dinner, to go to bed at a certain hour, to get to school on time—but we're playing out, and it's too nice to go in quite yet, or we must read just another page, or we haven't quite finished the game. And we don't really have the good time we think we're going to; we feel that we really ought to go—when we feel that way it is the voice of God saying to us: "What doest thou here? You have no business to be here."

Sometimes we have some big task to do; something that means hard work, or sacrifice, or danger. We can't quite bring ourselves to do it. We put it off and put it off until some day something inside of us calls us up sharp, and it seems as though we could hear a voice saying: "What doest thou here? Don't you know you ought to be about your business?"

Sometimes we have actually done something we ought not to have done, or we have not done something we should have done. The letter to the sick classmate has not been written. The kind word has not been spoken. The little duty has been neglected. Then some day we wake up suddenly to find it's *too late*. Our sympathy is not wanted now; someone else has done the thing we ought to have done. We can't go back to make things different. At the moment we feel sorry, when remorse and shame surge up within us, then—just at that moment—God is speaking to us.

And there are many other ways in which He lets us know what He wants of us. But these two we will not forget. In the cry of human need and in the voice of conscience God is *speaking* to *us*.

PRAYER

O God our Father, how often have we heard Thy voice speaking to us! Thou dost never leave us to face any duty or temptation alone. Hour by hour Thou dost watch over us, urging us on to do our best, holding us back when we would thoughtlessly or wilfully do any wrong thing.

Forgive us, O God, those things whereof our conscience is afraid. We have left undone the things we ought to have done, and we have

done the things we ought not to have done. Whatever may be the faults we confess in our hearts before Thee, do Thou, in Thy loving-kindness, forgive them all.

In our failures and disappointments, in our trials and temptations, wherever we may be, whatever we have to do or to endure, be Thou, O God, our strength and our defense.

We ask it in Jesus' name. AMEN.

How God Speaks to Us

3. God's Language: The Beautiful, the Good, and the True

Probably all of you have had the experience of being in a group of foreigners who were speaking a language you didn't understand. It sounded as though they were just chattering gibberish. But most of you are learning French or German. When you began, it all sounded queer and funny. The words had no meaning for you. But little by little you find yourselves understanding what is said. The strange words that you laughed at at first now mean something to you. You are able to interpret the sounds that come to you.

On every large ship that puts to sea there is a room called the wireless room. Sometimes it is up on top, sometimes it is in the cabin. All day long someone sits there, most of the time with a receiver over his ear that looks like a telephone receiver. There he sits and listens. Now and then he begins to write something. When you read it it's a message from some ship a hundred miles away. If you had been listening in his place, would you have heard the message? No. You would have heard only click, click, click, click. You could not have interpreted the sound at all.

Perhaps as you watch him he suddenly sits up straight and begins writing very fast. And you read what he writes: "S.S. *Coronia* on fire. Latitude ——, Longitude ——." At once he calls the captain, and the ship's course is changed and she rushes full steam ahead to help the burning ship. Supposing the operator had not been able to understand those clicks in his ear coming to him from some vessel far, far away beyond the horizon? No one would have known anything about the fire, and one more ship would have gone to the bottom with all on board. But he knew the language—he could interpret the sounds.

Every day we are learning languages so as to be able to understand people and books and things. Botany, the language of the flowers; physics and chemistry, the language of things; mathematics, the language of the stars. Here in Sunday school we are trying to learn the language of God, so as to be able to interpret life and to understand Him when He speaks. Recently we have been thinking of two ways in which He speaks to us—in the cry of human need, and in the voice of conscience. But there are a great many other ways which you are learning here and in your classes.

Some of you know them:

You who have climbed the hills and stood on the edge of the sky and looked out over the top of the world into the setting sun—when you breathed deep and stood silent, God spoke, and you understood.

You who have looked deep into the heart of a friend, a child, a teacher, a mother or father, and have seen there the scars of conflict, of disappointment or self-sacrifice—when your heart was touched with sympathy for him, God spoke, and you understood.

You who have felt the tug of an ideal pulling you onward and upward toward the thing you would do or be—when something within you led you to a great resolve, God spoke, and you understood.

You who love the stories of Jesus or who have heard his master-spirit calling to you across the years—God has spoken to you. Have you understood?

These are all the ways I am going to speak of just now. Only remember that He *does* speak to us, that we *can* learn His language, and that when we *understand* Him we shall live in comradeship with Him forever.

SILENT PRAYER

(Topics Suggested by Leader)

Let us bow in silent prayer.

Let each say in his own heart: "O God, we are glad that Thou art speaking to us in so many ways."

Then let us think of how God has spoken to us. (Pause.)

In the beautiful and joyful things of life. (Pause.)

In the goodness and strength of men and women. (Pause.)

In the innocence of children. (Pause.)

In the triumphant life of Jesus. (Pause.)

Let us ask ourselves if we have really tried to understand Him by searching for the good, the beautiful, the true, in the world around us and in the hearts of friends. (Pause.)

Let us ask Him to help us and all men everywhere to learn His language so that all may know His will, His love, His desire to help.

(Finish with collect No. 20, p. 152.)

Prayer and Music

Where is God? Did you ever ask that question? I'm going to tell you a very simple answer. Perhaps you all will not understand it very well, but the older you grow the better you *will* understand it.

The answer is this—God is just exactly where you are!

Do you remember what the 139th Psalm says about Him? (Read vv. 1–4, 7–12, 18b.)

I wonder if you know that little verse of Tennyson's that runs:

> "Speak to Him, thou, for He hears,
> And Spirit with Spirit can meet—
> Closer is He than breathing,
> And nearer than hands and feet."

It is one of the beautiful things in life that so much of what we see and hear helps us to think about God and to talk with Him quietly. Music, for instance, soft music that sets us to dreaming, sometimes makes us feel that God is very close to us.

Now, this morning Mr. C is going to play something from Dvořák's "New World Symphony,"* and while he plays it I want you to think very quietly. I want every one of you here to think about two things while you listen to the organ:

1. God is always very near us.
2. God is always our Friend.

While Mr. C is playing, say over and over to yourselves these words:

God is very close to us.
God is our Friend.

* "Largo."

PRAYER

(After the Organ)

Our Father, we thank Thee that Thou art very close to us. We thank Thee that Thou art our Friend. Our thoughts have found fellowship with Thee in the city where Thou dwellest, and we have learned that the city where Thou dwellest is our home.

Grant, O Father, Thou whose almighty love ruleth evermore, grant that all our selfish deeds may cease. May sorrow and sin and suffering flee away, and Thy Kingdom of Peace and Goodwill be established in the earth. Amen.

Introduction to Handel's Largo

Music is more like a story than a picture. We don't see it all at once as we see a sunset. In a story we hear some words, then some more words, and some more words, till we come to the end. So in music we hear some notes, then some more notes, till by and by we come to the end. And by that time perhaps we have forgotten all about the beginning—but we can't go back to it. It's gone. It's the same way with our thoughts. We think of one thing one minute and another thing the next minute. We think of what we are listening to, then all at once we find our thoughts are away off somewhere else. Life is just like that, too. The clock ticks off the minutes one by one, and they slip away down the stream of time. We stand between the yesterdays that have gone and the to-morrows that are still to come.

So music—this fleeting thing of beauty—seems to be of the very stuff that life is made of. That's why we like it. That's why it appeals to us. That is why the musician can so affect us, can play upon our souls so that our very heartstrings vibrate in harmony with God's universe.

But just as life is good only to those who live it well, so music is good only to those who listen well. It isn't only the organist who makes the music—your own soul must play it, too. So let us give ourselves to the music of Handel's Largo.

FAITH

Pioneers

(Washington's Birthday)

Columbus, Washington, Lincoln. These names stand out from the pages of American history as the names of three of the greatest pioneers who ever lived. Columbus, the adventurous navigator, who was willing to trust all of his fortune and that of his comrades to a new and truer theory about the shape and size of the earth; Washington, who staked the future of a new nation on the outcome of a long and uncertain war; Lincoln, who faced unflinchingly the almost impossible task of maintaining the principles of human freedom and national unity.

Not one of these men knew what the outcome of his undertaking would be. But, like Abraham, they went out not knowing whither they went, seeking the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. They believed in the ultimate triumph of truth and right. They believed in the nobility and the faithfulness of human nature. They were willing to launch out upon the uncharted seas of adventure, of war, of politics, guided only by their principles of justice or of science or of government, and content to trust in God for the outcome.

And how much greater was the outcome than any of these men had planned or ever realized! Columbus sought a short route to India—he found a new continent! Washington tried to free the colonies from the burden of a tyrannous rule—he established a new nation! Lincoln's triumph was not through war—he *hated* war. His service was not that of a soldier. Yet he fought and suffered more than they all. Lincoln is great to us because of what he stood for, because of his ideals, his sympathies, his wise judgments, so many of which he was forced by hostile political influence to abandon. Yet, even with so much against him, through all sorts of oppressive opposition, he fought his way, by his indomitable confidence in the goodness and sanity of men, to a success which he did not live to understand.

These men had a vision of something that needed to be done. With perseverance and hope and trust in men and in God, they did their best

to do it. Did they do it? Perhaps not. But they accomplished something vaster and nobler than any of them had dreamed of.

And we now possess the good things which their enterprise and sacrifice created. And you and I are called upon to use this inheritance well, and to hand it on to those who come after us with all that our strength can add to it of beauty and purity and justice and truth. We too are called to help build the city of God.

In a poem called "Columbus,"* Joaquin Miller has pictured this spirit of faith and enterprise which led the discoverer through all his dangers and discouragements. It is the faith which inspired Washington and Lincoln. It is the spirit of every true American, of every strong man or woman.

PRAYER

O Thou, who art our Father and our God, we thank Thee for all the great and wise men who have been able to guide the nations of the earth according to Thy will. And we thank Thee for all the brave, strong-hearted women through whom the world has received shelter, comfort, and inspiration.

We pray, our Father, for our nation. May we be enabled to do our share in cleansing it of all the dross of corruption and oppression. We pray for the nations of the world which are struggling to win for themselves peace and dignity and stability. May their leaders be guided by the desire to achieve for their countrymen all that the world has found to be wisest and best.

As we begin to take a larger part in the life and activities of the world, grant, our Father, that we may do what is wise and good, whether it seems at first to bring us success or not. For we would play fair in the game of life.

We pray, our Father, for all whose hearts are saddened by the loss of any whom they love. Renew their faith. Give them courage and hope. May they find rich comfort in the knowledge of Thy goodness and love. And grant, O Father, that, whether through sorrow or through joy, we all may share in the sure coming of Thy Kingdom as brother workers with our leader and friend, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

* In "Poems of Action," see Bibliography, Sec. X.

The City of God

Rev. 21 : 1–4

Two children were lost in the city. One was ten and the other five. A friendly policeman asked them where they lived. "We live in the house with glass doors," said the five-year-old, "where the halls have walls of marble, and an elevator goes up and down." But the ten-year-old said: "We live at 542 North Avenue." Which was right? I think maybe the younger one was right, and she might have added, "in the world of giants and fairies":

> "Green jacket, red cap,
> And white owl's feather."

We live in the world we see around us and dream about. For some, our city is just our home, and the sidewalk to school, and the schoolroom. Some of you have taken the ferry across to Staten Island, and you have looked back at that huge mass of buildings piled against the sky and the great bridges spanning the East River, and with something like pride you have said to yourselves, "This is my city." You are citizens of New York. Some of you have been reading about the Panama Canal, of how this country achieved this greatest engineering feat of history, and you have said, "My country did that," and as you look at this flag there's a wholesome pride in the thought that you are citizens of the United States of America.

Some of you have been sending money to the Belgians and making things for them. Why did you do it? Because you felt that they are fellow citizens of yours. Fellow citizens of what? Why, of the world. *You* are citizens of the world.

Some of you have been reading stories of heroes and heroines—Abraham, Joseph, Livingstone, Lincoln, Garrison, Washington, Florence Nightingale, Paul, Luther. And the more you know about these men and women the more clearly you see that they were very much like us. They were children once. They grew up by studying and playing and working and eating and sleeping, just as we do. They are our fellow citizens—but where? Of our country? No; many were foreigners. Of the world? No; they are dead. Where, then? Why, in the King-

dom of God. You will never be satisfied until you have pledged your allegiance as citizens of the City of God.

Where is this City of God? It is within you. These heroes whom you have never seen—where are they? They are in your heart. You are building this city. You are piling up its domes and spires and turrets, for it is a city not made with hands but built out of spiritual fellowships with the noble men and women of all times and places, who are your fellow citizens.

If, as you look around you, you see only dirt and squalor and meanness and crime, you do not dwell in the City of God. But if you see, shining through all things, the spirit of faith and hope and love and courage and nobility and honor and self-sacrifice, you are living in the City of God—the city not made with hands, which cometh down out of heaven from God.

"Hail, the glorious Golden City,
Pictured by the seers of old!
Everlasting light shines o'er it;
Wondrous tales of it are told:
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that city;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts;
All our lives are building-stones:
Whether humble or exalted,
All are called to task divine;
All must aid alike to carry
Forward one sublime design.

And the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years:
It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right;
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light."

—*Felix Adler.*

PRAYER

O Thou who dwellest in the glorious golden city, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, full of peace and joy and justice, we come to Thee, each with his own little world, which is full of shattered hopes, of failures and disappointments and sins. Open to us the gates of Thy city, that we may see within it the hopes fulfilled, the failures and sins overcome. And grant that we may dwell there, citizens of Thy Kingdom and fellow citizens of the men and women and children of all places and all times who have loved Thee with an imperishable love.

We thank Thee for the men and women by whose wisdom this nation has been guided in the past. Safeguard us through the years. Grant that with honor and courage and self-forgetfulness we may earnestly seek peace both for ourselves and for all nations.

And may all of us, by banishing from our own lives all hatred and bitterness and quarrelling, strive, each in his own way, to establish in the world Thy Kingdom of peace and happiness, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

LIVINGSTONE'S FAITH*

A little more than a century ago David Livingstone was born. You all know who he was and you know how, as missionary and as naturalist, he explored the African continent from sea to sea. If there is one quality about David Livingstone that stands out above his many splendid qualities, it is his faith—his courage in choosing big tasks and his perseverance in finishing what he set out to do.

He delighted in undertaking what seemed to everyone else to be impossible. It seemed as though nothing could stop him. The natives called him the White Man Who Would Go On. When people told him that the Kalahari Desert could not be crossed by a white man, he crossed it. When they said he could not pass the territory of a hostile tribe, he not only passed through but made friends with the chief. When they declared that he could not penetrate to the coast from Linyanti in the centre of the continent, he did it, and, what is more, he came back again. He was the Man Who Would Go On.

* From *Livingstone, the Pathfinder*. Used by permission of The Missionary Education Movement.

From Linyanti to the Atlantic coast was one thousand five hundred miles of unbroken wilderness. It took six months and more for him to cover the distance, travelling day after day, sometimes in canoes, sometimes walking, sometimes riding on the back of an ox. The forests were dense with tropical underbrush and infested with wild animals. The rivers were treacherous and alive with snakes and crocodiles. The rain fell so constantly that his clothes rotted on his back. Hostile natives disputed his passage and wanted to levy toll, but no toll would he give them. Frequent sickness left him thin and weak. But still he went on and on, till at last, with his faithful black friends, he reached Loanda on the coast. And when the black men saw the sea stretching away to the horizon, they cried: "We thought the world had no end, but now the world has said to us, 'I am finished. There is no more of me.' "

Here the people all gave him a warm and friendly welcome. Ships were waiting in the harbor which would gladly have taken him back to England to see his family and to rest after his many years of arduous toil. But to him *onward* meant not England but *Africa*. To go *on* was to go *back* to Linyanti, for he had promised to guide the faithful black men back to their home. So back they went over the long, hard journey, repeating its hardships and dangers, till they came again to Linyanti in the heart of Africa.

But that was not his only journey. He made many others even more difficult than that. He had set his heart on finding out about the unknown continent, and on opening a way for missionaries and traders to come in and bring the message of Christ and civilization to Darkest Africa. He would not stop until his work was done and his last journey taken—till the White Man Who Would Go On had crossed the border into the land of heavenly promise, into the life beyond.

All the world has brought honor and love to David Livingstone. It is the honor and love due all those who, in faith, have labored so gloriously for the coming of God's Kingdom.

PRAYER

O God, our Heavenly Father, help us to do our work with courage and devotion. May we not be afraid of trying to do things which seem

to be impossible or disagreeable. When we find something worth doing, may we give ourselves to the doing of it, and think nothing of the drudgery or the hardship which is necessary to its accomplishment. In the discipline and hard routine as well as in the joy of every day, it may be that we are achieving Thy purpose for us. And some day, when we have finished the work, we shall know how our sincere efforts have been mysteriously working out Thy wonderful plans.

Help us, then, to be faithful in every little duty. In our work in class, in our singing, in our play, in our marching, teachers, pupils, and officers, may we *all*, O Father, help one another by doing *well* all that we have to do.

And so, perhaps in ways which we do not now understand, may we share in bringing in Thy Kingdom as we work together in the spirit of our Master, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

THE FAIRY WHO GREW UP*

Mark 1 : 16–20

The fairy that I am going to tell you about lived in a queer town. One whole side of this town was called Fairyland. It was a beautiful park with trees and lawns and singing brooks and lots of fairies in it. These fairies had fairy houses, and fairy stores, and fairy wagons, and fairy railroad-trains, and everything else the fairies like to play with. All day long the fairies did nothing but play, and sing, and laugh, and think of nothing in particular.

The other part of the town was called Manland. The people in Manland did not spend much time in play, but they worked a great deal.

The fairy spent his time, of course, in Fairyland. All day long he did nothing but play, and sing, and laugh, and think of nothing in particular.

One day he saw a woman coming out of Manland and looking at the fairies at play. He went up to her and said, "Will you tell me what they do in Manland? Do they play all day as we do?"

"No," said the woman. "We do not play all day, we work."

Said the fairy, "And what is work?"

* A story by George A. Coe.

The woman replied, "The farmer raises food for others to eat, the manufacturer makes clothing for others to wear, the physician heals others who are sick, the teacher teaches children the things they ought to know, fathers and mothers toil all day in order that their little ones may grow up to be strong men and women, legislators and judges make and administer laws in order that justice may prevail through the land, and ministers tell the people what it is all about. This is what they do in Manland."

The fairy listened hard, but he couldn't quite understand. It didn't seem very interesting to work all day, especially to work for others, so he went back to play.

One day, however, when he started to play a game with the other fairies, they said, "We don't want you in this game. You're too big." And sure enough he was growing taller. He stopped and thought for a moment, and then he said to himself, "I don't believe I want to play with these little fairies. . . . Yes, I do, too! . . . No, I don't, either! . . . I don't know what I want. What is it that I really want?"

Each day after that for several days the fairy found that he was growing taller and taller. Each day he tried to play with the other fairies, but they always said, "You're too big"; and always he said to himself, "I don't know what I want to do. I wonder what I really want."

Then he looked over Fairyland, and behold! all the fairy houses and stores and wagons and railroad-trains were nothing but toys. Said the fairy, "This is not what I want. What is it that I really want? I must find someone who can tell me."

Now, there were several men looking over into Fairyland watching the fairies at their play, but one man was looking straight at the fairy who was not at play. This man was different from the others; his face showed more of thoughtfulness, a trace of sorrow, great sympathy, and such friendliness that the fairy went straight to him and said, "Can you tell me what it is that I really want?"

"Yes," said the friendly man, "I can tell you, for I was once just what you are now. The fact is that you are growing up. You are ceasing to be a fairy; you are becoming a man. What you really want is to have something to do in Manland."

"And what is there to do in Manland?" asked the fairy.

The man replied: "Food must be raised for others to eat, clothing must be made for others to wear, sick people must be healed, boys and girls must be taught the things they need to know, little children must be brought up to be strong men and women, justice must be made to prevail through the land, and someone must tell the people that all this is God's will. This is what there is to do in Manland."

Said the fairy, "And what reward have they who work in Manland?"

The man replied: "They who work in Manland have this reward. They see the hungry fed, the naked clothed, the sick healed, the ignorant enlightened, weak children becoming strong men and women, justice prevailing over the whole land, and the people understanding that God is in it all. This is the reward that they have who work in Manland. And this shall be your reward, too. I am the Master of Manland. 'If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.' "

Then the Master turned and started for Manland. And the fairy started after him, saying, "Now I know what it is that I *really want*."

"O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free.
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care."

So these two turned and went away, out of Fairyland into Manland.

Trust in the Lord*

Dan. 3 : 1–18

Some of you who spend your summers at the shore have probably seen a United States Life-Saving Station, with its big boat resting on its truck, all ready to be run down to the water. Perhaps you've seen the men launch it for a drill, or in a storm while the huge breakers were rolling up the beach. On the campus of Northwestern University, which is right on the shore of Lake Michigan, there is just such a station. The members of the crew are always students of the University,

* Adapted from an account by George A. Coe.

but the master is an experienced seaman. For many years the master was Captain Larsen, a tall, gaunt Norwegian with a flowing beard. He had come to this country when he was a young fellow, and had tried to make his living as a fisherman along the shore of Lake Michigan. He was very poor at first. Sometimes he did not know where the next meal was to come from. But he always trusted the Lord and enough meals came to keep him alive.

But people finally discovered that he was a very skilful boatman. So he was made master of the life-saving station. Here he soon showed his bravery and good judgment, as well as his skill, in the way he responded to calls for help from vessels in distress. Under his leadership the crew rescued hundreds of lives and thousands of dollars' worth of property. And so, although he had had practically no education, the college men deeply respected him, for they knew that he was a *man*.

Let me tell you of one rescue. Early one winter a terrible northeast blizzard swept down the lake. This meant trouble. And, sure enough, word came to the station about midnight that a coal steamer with two barges had gone ashore at Glencoe, five miles to the north. At once the Captain called his men. A team of horses was found and hitched to the wagon containing the boat. In order to get to a point opposite the wreck, it was necessary to go five miles through ten inches of fresh-fallen snow and into the teeth of the cold blizzard. The crew trudged ahead and the horses followed, hauling the wagon with the boat. When they came opposite the wreck they found that they had to drive through a rough piece of woods in order to get to the shore. As they went along, the wheels struck a log that lay hidden in the snow, and a hole was stove in the bottom of the boat. But this did not stop the Captain. Calling one of the men, he took his oilskin coat and quickly improvised a patch. Then through the terrible surf the boat was launched. The Captain and his crew made three trips to the disabled vessels and brought every person—and there were twenty or more—safe ashore.

But at what cost to the Captain and crew! The waves dashed continually over the boat, threatening to capsize it any minute and throw them all into the icy water. One wave came over the stern with such violence that the Captain, who was standing at the steering-oar, was thrown full length in the boat. The men's soaked clothing froze to

them and their mittens froze to the oars. It was no wonder that one man was taken down with rheumatic fever and was in the hospital six weeks.

The people who lived along the shore were so impressed with the bravery of this rescue that they held a banquet in honor of the Captain and his crew. After various speeches had been made, describing what the crew had done, the Captain was called on. This is what he said:

"Yes, it was a hard job, but the Lord helped us. We have faced difficult situations like this many times. More than once I have said to myself: 'We can't do it! It is impossible!' But it was our duty to go ahead and leave the results to the Lord. We've done our best, and the Lord has helped us. We have never lost a member of the crew, and I believe that it is all due to the Lord."

A gentleman who was interested in the Captain's simple faith happened to meet him soon afterward walking along the shore of the lake. "Well, Captain," he said, "so you believe that the Lord takes care of you and your crew, do you?"

"Yes," said the Captain, "the Lord takes care of anyone who is doing his duty. If I come to a river and it's my duty to try to get across, I must get right into the water and do the best I can to get over."

"But suppose, Captain, you should get drowned trying to get over?"

"*Well, that's all right, too!*" said the Captain.

The Two Worlds*

I think I will tell you a story this morning. It is about a frog, some grub-worms, and some dragon-flies. The grub-worms lived in a pond. When they grew up, they became dragon-flies that flew around in the air over the pond. The frog lived partly in the pond and partly in the air. Let's pretend that you are the grub-worms. You live in the world of childhood and you wonder sometimes about the world of grown-ups. You don't know very much about what goes on there in that land of mystery and adventure and love and business, and you often wish you could find out what it's all about. And the dragon-flies are the grown-ups who live in this strange world you are going to by and

* Adapted from Mrs. Alfred Gatty, *Parables from Nature*. Used by permission of James Pott & Co. See also *Everyland*, March, 1915.

by—and *they* often wish they could get back into the world of childhood again! And the frog—well, I'll be the frog that goes back and forth between the pond where the grub-worms live in the world of childhood and the air where the dragon-flies live in the world of grown-ups. Now I must tell you the story.

One day one of the grub-worms who lived in the pond asked: "What becomes of the frog when he disappears?" "What makes you think he disappears?" said another grub. "Because just now I followed him out to the edge of the pond and all at once he wasn't there." And then the other grubs began to be curious and they asked the goldfish, and the goldfish took up the question and went around asking everybody: "What becomes of the frog when he disappears?"

Just then down came the frog with a splash right into the midst of them. "Now's your chance," said the goldfish to the grub-worm. "Here's the frog, ask him about it." The little grub-worm was a bit afraid, for the frog was a rather dignified creature, but after circling two or three times around a lily stem he screwed up his courage and went up to the frog.

"Respected frog, may I ask you a question?"

"Ask away," said the frog, with apparent indifference.

"What's beyond this world?"

"What world?" asked the frog, rolling his goggle eyes around.

"Why, *this* world, the place we live in."

"If you call the pond the world, what do you call what is outside the pond?"

"That's just what I want to know," said the grub.

"Well, I think you are very foolish," said the frog, "but if you must know, I'll tell you. It's dry land."

The grub-worm was silent a moment and then asked: "Can one swim there?"

"No, of course not; there's no water there."

"Then what is it, if it isn't water?"

"It's very hard to describe it," said the frog slowly. "They call it air—it's the nearest thing to nothing that I know of."

"I don't understand," said the grub.

"So I expected," replied the frog.

"But I can't be happy until I find out," insisted the grub.

"Well," said the frog, "I think you're silly, but I like your spirit; so I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take you there and then you can see for yourself. Get up on my back and hold on tight and we'll go right now."

So the little grub climbed up on the frog's back and he started off toward the edge of the pond and began to climb out on shore. But the moment the grub's head left the water it seemed as though something struck him in the face, and he fell right down to the bottom of the pond horrified and disappointed, and feeling that the frog had deceived him. "I don't believe there is anything outside the pond after all," he said.

Later on that day, while he was swimming around looking for something to eat, the grub suddenly came upon the frog sitting on a green stone on the bottom of the pond. "What! are you here? Then you didn't go away to the other world after all, and it isn't true about the air and everything?"

"You didn't hang on to find out," answered the frog. "How do you think I felt when I saw you weren't there? Do you think that was very courteous?"

And then the grub-worm told the frog how it seemed as though something had struck him as he came to the edge of the pond, and how he had fallen straight back to the bottom of the pond.

The old frog shook his head sadly. "I'm afraid I can't explain it to you now," he said, "but by and by you will understand."

It wasn't long after that before one of the grubs began to behave queerly. He seemed uneasy and discontented. Sometimes he would sulk and sometimes he would be quite cheerful and sociable. One day, when no one was particularly noticing, he climbed up a lily stem and disappeared.

Pretty soon another grub began to act in the same way, and it wasn't long before he ran up the stem of a lily-pad and disappeared. And then the talkative grub began to feel the same way. He had strange longings he couldn't understand. He felt as though he must go away and do something. It seemed as though he just couldn't help climbing up a lily stem. And one day he found himself going up and

up and up until all at once he came right out into the sunshine. He didn't drop back this time. He got onto a lily-pad and looked around at the beautiful green things, and basked in the warm air. And presently a strange thing happened. His skin began to crack down his back. Soon it had broken enough for him to step out and stretch himself, and he discovered that he had some wings. And it wasn't long before he began to move them gently up and down as though to try them, and then all at once he rose into the air and flew away.

Not long afterward the frog noticed the dragon-fly darting back and forth over the pond as though he wanted to get back into it again, and, calling his old friend to him, he said, "I know it's hard for you to go back to the grub-worms, but by and by they will come to you and then they will understand."

There's a little verse in the Bible that might have helped those impatient grub-worms if they could only have known it. It is this: "Be not anxious for the morrow." And it's all summed up in a very short word: "Faith." This is only one kind of faith that I have told you about to-day. Some day I'll tell you about some other kinds.

PRAYER

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the world of childhood in which we live. It is so full of wonderful things. New and unexpected pleasures come to us each day, and all the time there lies before us the great future with all its unknown dangers and delights.

Forgive us that we are sometimes peevish and discontented. We ought not to be. And when things do go wrong and we are disappointed or upset, help us to remember that the best is yet to be, the last for which the first was made. Give us faith in each to-morrow. Help us to trust ourselves to the passing years, knowing that Thou hast planned all things wisely.

And wilt Thou care for all those who have been thrust out of the world of childhood into the world of grown-up cares and worries before they are able to bear it; for the children who labor long hours in factory and mine and sweatshop, without rest, without books or pictures; for those who are sick and cannot go outdoors; for those who are deaf or blind and can never know the world as we know it; for those who are

crippled and can never run around freely; for those who have no fathers or mothers; for those who are away from home; for all who are happy and well and strong; for all children everywhere, we ask Thy gracious and loving care, in the name of him who in his gentle strength took the little ones into his arms and blessed them. AMEN.

FAITH IN ONESELF

Matt. 17 : 14–20

At the corner of 165th Street and Broadway, in New York City, there is a great hill of solid rock which is being broken to pieces and carried two or three blocks and dumped alongside the river. For years, I suppose, people have looked up at that mass of rock and have said, "If I could only take that hill away, I could build houses there, or a playground." Finally someone came along and said, "I can *do* it." And he brought his steam-drills and his steam-shovel, and built his railroad around the edge of the hill, and proceeded to carry the hill away. Did he say to the rock, "Remove hence to yonder place"? Yes, that's what he said. But what he *did* was to get a shovel and begin to dig. He did it because he had faith in himself.

For years people have been trying to build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama. First they thought they would put it at one spot. No, there was a mountain in the way. Then they thought of another place. No, there was a lake in the way. Then they settled on a location and began work, but they finally gave it up and quit. Then came Goethals. And he looked at the rivers and mountains and lakes and said, "I can *do* it." And he dug a valley across the Isthmus and filled it with water, so that ships can sail from sea to sea. Did he say to that great mass of earth, "Remove hence to yonder place"? Yes, that's what he said. But what he did was to get a shovel and begin to dig. He had faith in himself.

Over against this picture of achievement place these pictures.

There's a problem in algebra to be done, or in geometry or arithmetic, or an essay to write. "Oh, I can't do that problem, I just can't. I can't think of another thing to say." Did you ever say that? Or mother asks you to go into the other room to get a certain book. And you go and look around a little and then you come back and say, "Oh,

I can't find it anywhere." Or you are trying to make something and it doesn't go very well, and you say impatiently, "Oh, if I only had some decent tools I could make something." Or perhaps you've hurt someone's feelings and you know you ought to apologize. You really *want* to make up. But all you do is to say, "I can't"—and then the first thing you know your chance is gone. It's too late.

The other day I read a story about two persons. One was called Can and the other was called Could.* Could was a lazy person who got up about ten o'clock, because, as he said, he couldn't wake up any earlier. He would get down to his office about noon and fiddle around a little, then come home. He never seemed to get anything done. There were always too many interruptions and difficulties. Can was more lively. She got up at seven because she couldn't afford to lose those three good morning hours. She was always busy about something and seemed to get a great deal done, and everybody liked her.

One day as she started out of the house she saw a bit of an orange-peel on the sidewalk. "Oh, dear!" she said. "It's such a pity for people to throw these around. Every year someone gets a bad fall because of them." And she stooped down and picked up the peel and threw it into a waste-paper barrel. Presently she came upon some children who were eating oranges and throwing the peels on the walk. One of them was carrying a baby. "Is that your brother?" asked Can. "Yes," replied the girl. "Isn't he pretty? He's just eight months old." "Aren't you afraid you'll drop him?" "Oh, no. I never let him fall." "Don't you ever slip on an orange-peel or a banana-skin?" "Oh, I don't know. We always chuck 'em around." "And you never slipped on one?" "I guess maybe I did once; I broke a cup I was carrying and hurt my elbow." "Suppose you should slip on a peel and let the baby fall! It might hurt him very badly." "Well, I suppose maybe it might." "And think of all the mothers who carry babies along the walk! Suppose they should slip and fall!" By this time the children had stopped throwing down the peels and one child started to pick up hers. And then they all joined in, and before Can had gone there wasn't a peel in sight.

Now, it happened that Could was out walking in another part of

* Adapted from "Can and Could," as found in Sneath, *et al*, *The Golden Door Book*.

the city, and as he went along *he* saw a bit of an orange-peel. "Too bad, too bad!" he said. "It's a great pity for people to throw these around. Someone gets hurt on one every year." But instead of picking up the peel he only said, "Now, if I were Mayor, or Street Commissioner, I would see that these streets are kept free from such dangerous things. He had taken only a few steps when he heard a great crash, and, looking round, he saw that a man carrying a bag of coal across the sidewalk had slipped down, and the coal had fallen all around his head, almost burying him. "What a pity!" said Could. "How glad I would be to help him if I only could do something." Presently people came running from all directions. The man seemed dazed as they raised him up. "Yes," said Could, "he seems to be badly hurt. Now, if I were only a doctor, perhaps I could be of some assistance. How hard it is to want so to help my fellow creatures and be able to do so little!" Just then he noticed a bit of orange-peel sticking to the heel of the man's shoe. "Ah!" he cried. "It is just as I expected. What a pity it is for people to be so careless!" And he turned and went on his way, muttering to himself, "If I were only Governor or Mayor, what a lot I could do for folks!"

"Be strong!
We are not here to sleep, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil,—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce,—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep-entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long.
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song."

—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the strength that comes from Thee. Forgive us that we so often give up and fail to finish the thing we begin, that we do not begin the thing we know we ought to

do. Thou hast given us strong bodies and minds just so we may be able to do hard things.

Make us self-reliant, confident that we can do all that we ought to do, because we know that Thou wilt give us no trial which we shall not be able to endure.

We think as we pray of those whose strength is taken away through sickness or sorrow, through lack of food or rest, our classmates, our mothers or fathers, the victims of war, those who are without work. Give them fresh courage. May their hope be fixed on better days to come, and may each of us strive to the utmost of his power to *bring* the better days, when suffering and sorrow shall flee away, and the whole world shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea. We ask it in Jesus' name. AMEN.

FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER

Jesus said: "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of God."

That seems like a strange thing to say. It sounds almost as though we were to grow backward. He must have thought a great deal of little children to say that about them. Perhaps we who are six and seven and eight and nine and ten and eleven and twelve and thirteen and fourteen and fifteen and sixteen (etc.)—perhaps we are losing something as the years go by. If we are, these words of Jesus say that we've got to go right back to the Kindergarten and learn it all over again. What do you suppose he means?

Just after Christmas, on one of those beautiful days we had in January, I was sitting on a bench on Riverside Drive looking out across the river. Suddenly a little child—he could not have been more than five years old—ran up to me and leaned against my knee. "What did you get for Christmas?" he asked me. I told him, and then I said, "And what did you have for Christmas?" And he told me about his presents and then went on up the Drive. He had never seen me before, and yet he trusted me. He believed in me. And I hope that, for that moment at least, I was good enough to be trusted.

In the spring of 1915 there was an account in the newspapers about how General Scott was called out West to handle some Indians who

were causing trouble. They had felt that they weren't being fairly treated, and they had become resentful. Indeed, the cowboys said that some of them had actually killed somebody, and it looked as though there might be a serious uprising. All the white people were scared and began to arm themselves to put down the rebellion. Things didn't get any better, and so they sent for General Scott. He is a veteran from the days of the Western Indian wars. In the bloody days of Arizona people used to say that a good Indian was a dead Indian. But for thirty years General Scott has gone on the principle that live Indians are *good* and can be *trusted*. So he went out there, and, instead of getting together a band of men and going out to fight the Indians, he sent a messenger to them and said he would like to talk things over. And then he went *unarmed* to the camp of the Indians in revolt. A few of them came around, and General Scott was friendly to them, asked them how they were, and gave them some presents. The next day they came back and had a good talk, and he kept on talking things over with them till they felt that he was their friend and that they could trust him. So he asked some of them to go along with him back to town. Without a moment's hesitation they agreed to go. And they didn't have to be handcuffed or tied to their horses. They just came along of their own accord—and all because he trusted them and believed they would.

The child, in his ignorance and innocence, trusted me. General Scott, in his wisdom and experience, trusted the Indians.

Next Sunday is Easter, and we are reminded of that last week when Jesus' life was drawing to its terrible and triumphant end. You remember how, after the last supper, he and his disciples went out to the Garden of Gethsemane. Jesus knew that Judas, one of his own friends, had betrayed him, and it almost seems as though he began to doubt the others and to fear that they would not stand by him. But did he give up and say: "What's the use? No one is interested in what I'm doing. I guess I'll quit"? No. He kept on believing in them.

Then the mob came, and all the disciples deserted him—except Peter. And Peter followed afar off. And then even Peter denied him three times in the court of the High Priest's house.

How often have we said, when we were trying to do something,

"What's the use. No one is interested in what I'm doing. I'm going to quit"? Did he say that? No. He just kept on *believing*. His faith in them was like a rock. It could not be shaken. Just as the magnet, which you have seen, draws the bits of iron to itself, so the faith which Jesus put in these men drew them unto himself and held them there.

Suppose he hadn't trusted them? We would probably never have even heard that such a man as Jesus ever lived. All that Christianity means to us, all that it has accomplished in the world, would never have taken place.

This is the sort of faith God has in us, even when we disappoint Him. And it's the sort of faith He expects us to have in one another, even when we disappoint one another. It begins like the faith of a little child and it grows up to be like the faith of God.

Now perhaps you see what Jesus meant when he said: "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of God."

PRAYER

O Thou who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, we thank Thee for the power of faith by which Thou art transforming the world. Forgive us our mistrust. Forgive us if we have prevented any one from being all he should be because we failed to trust him enough. Thou dost trust us in spite of all our failures; and we know that we couldn't be half what we are if it weren't that our fathers and mothers and friends believe in us and expect us to do our best.

Help us to have faith in every one of Thy children, just as we want them to have faith in us. And so, by the power of the faith which Jesus had in his disciples, by the power of the faith which Thou dost have in Thy wayward and quarrelling children, by the power of the faith which we have in one another, may the days of peace and goodwill be established in the earth.

We ask it in the name of him who trusted even those who slew him. AMEN.

Faith Is Hope Plus Work

It isn't very long since I told you the story about the discontented grubs who finally grew up to be dragon-flies. We were thinking then of a certain kind of faith—faith that is sure that there is something good in store for us in the unknown future. Last week we thought of the faith that is sure of being able to do all that we ought to do—that doesn't sit down and say, "I would if I could," but stands up and says, "I *can* and I *will*."

There is another kind of faith. You'll find it described about halfway down the prayer we say together. There's a very short word there, and just before it is a long word. I like them both—"unconquerable *hope*." Every one in this room is hoping for *something*. It may be something good or something bad; something big or little; something to do, or to get, or to give, or to be. We have set our hearts on *something*, for which we are willing to work and, if need be, to suffer.

About nineteen centuries ago someone, whose name nobody knows, wrote an essay in Greek. Part of it is about just this sort of faith. Let me read you what it says. (Read Heb. 11 : 1, 8–10, 24–27, 32–38; 12 : 1–2.

"Who, for the joy that was set before him, endured—" That's just it. And how many others there are who have done that! Augustine, Savonarola, Luther, Lincoln—pioneers and pathfinders, who have pushed back the boundaries of ignorance and prejudice, and opened up new realms of achievement, just because they could see, beyond the horizon, things to which others were blind.

Jesus saw farther than any man who ever lived, and what he saw and gave his life for he called the Kingdom of God. And we're still praying for it. Every time we say the Lord's Prayer we say, "Thy Kingdom come." But *faith* means more than just wishing and hoping and asking. It means *working* and *suffering*. It means trying to see how each thing we do—our lessons, our games, our work at home—how each thing might be done better, and then setting about it to do it better. It means trying to find out how some of the wrongs which we see around us in our own little world might be righted, and then setting about it to right them. It means keeping constantly before our minds the

picture of a world in which all shall follow this very simple rule—"Be ye kind one to another"—and then proceeding to do all *we* can to make the picture come true. This is what we mean when we say, "Thy Kingdom come."

PRAYER

Father, we bring to Thee our hopes, asking that Thou wilt purify them. Cleanse us from all unworthy desires. Inspire us by the vision of things worth doing and worth being.

Each day brings to us its work and play, its opportunities to be generous or mean, kind or thoughtless, rude or courteous, selfish or helpful. Help us to put away from us the unmanly and cowardly things and to brace ourselves to make for what is *good* and *just* and *pure*, knowing that with Thy help we shall succeed.

We ask it for Thy Kingdom's sake. AMEN.

WALTER'S PRIZE SONG

You all remember the name of Wagner, the great musician. Many years ago he wrote a beautiful opera called "Die Meistersinger." It tells the story of a boy named Walter. Walter had not had much education, but he felt that there was something wrong about the music which people were composing in those days. It was too mechanical.

Now, he himself could write beautiful melodies. So one day when there was going to be a great musical contest between the best musicians of the day he wanted to compete, too. It took a lot of courage for him to enter the contest with so many men who had been trained long and carefully in all the science of music. But he did it. And to-day Mr. C. is going to play his song to us. It is called "Walter's Prize Song."

Now, when he plays it, you notice how at first Walter is not quite sure of himself. The music is soft and a little hesitating. But he keeps at it, and gradually he gets more confidence and the melody comes out stronger and clearer. Now and then he falters a little. But then the thought of what he set out to accomplish encourages him, and at last he begins to feel the wonderful power of his own music. The sense of

victory takes possession of him, and the music breaks into a glorious song of triumph.

Then, at last, in the consciousness of having won his cause, he drops back into the softer notes, which gradually melt away into silence.

Now, when Mr. C. plays, you think of Walter.

PRAYER

(After the Organ)

Our Father in Heaven, we cannot thank Thee enough for the gift of music. As we listen to it we seem to lose ourselves in the vision of things we long for. We are stirred by the hope of splendid achievement. We are quieted by the satisfaction of unspoken desires.

O Father, may the confidence, the hope, the joy, the peace, which we now feel, not pass from us, but may we carry with us always the glad assurance of Thy constant companionship. May our hearts be ever singing with the joy of those that know Thee. May our songs of gladness glorify our friendships, in the name of Christ, our friend.

Amen.

Jesus, the Explorer

EASTER

By faith, Abraham, when he was called, obeyed to go out unto a place which he was to receive for an inheritance, and he went out not knowing whither he went.

Of how many men these words might be spoken—of men who, like Columbus, started out into the unknown, seeking to push back the horizon of human knowledge, to lift the veil behind which lie the undiscovered worlds.

Such a man was Captain Scott. Such are Peary and Amundsen. Such were Lewis and Clark, the men who opened the great Northwest and made plain the path across the desert, a highway for the westward flow of American life.

There is always a *first*. Someone always has to go first. Someone must blaze each new trail over which the rest of mankind shall travel. Someone must play the game and risk his all, in the hope that he may lead men into more abundant life.

The pioneers, the explorers, who search for the undiscovered countries, are the men of vision and of faith. They see, in the eye of the mind, the thing that is to be, and then they go to find it or to create it.

This is how the call comes to the explorer:

(At this point read, if possible, the first two verses of Kipling's "The Explorer," found on page 63 of *Poems of Action.* See Bibliography, page 32.)

Jesus was an explorer. He dreamed of an undiscovered country, of a new life for mankind. He blazed the trail of the immortal life. With his own hands he built a highway unto the living God. Through his eyes men look past the veil of mystery far down the vistas of eternity. No one else had ever dared to live as though he were immortal. He dared do it. He was the pioneer of the new way of life that leads straight on across the valley of the shadow of death into the City of God.

On this Easter morning—

"Jesus calls us, o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea.
Day by day his clear voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me!'"

As the explorer sees the something lost behind the ranges, and hears the something calling him to go, so we see beyond us the vision of the Christlike life; so we hear the Master's voice calling to us to follow him. (Read Phil. 3 : 13-14.)

PRAYER

Our Father, we thank Thee for the life of Jesus, our Master. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Through him we have learned of Thee and Thy Fatherly care for us. In his face have we seen the light of the knowledge of Thy glory. Strengthened by his wonderful trust in Thee, we have learned to fear nothing in this world save selfishness and sin. Though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, we will fear no evil, for Thou art with us.

We believe that all our friends and those who have passed on into

the unseen City are safe in Thy keeping. For them as for ourselves, may the song of Easter be sung in our hearts.

Help us to see, O Thou Father of mankind, help us to see the vision of Thy glorious Kingdom in which there is no death, neither mourning nor crying nor pain any more, and to the building of this Thy Kingdom help us, O God, to consecrate our lives in the spirit and strength of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

We ask it in his name. AMEN.

THE EASTER MESSAGE

Our little friends of the First Grade have just been singing that Easter is the happiest of days. Why is everybody so happy at Easter? I'll tell you one reason. It is because spring is here, and Mother Earth is waking up from her long winter's sleep. The grass out in the quadrangle has already turned green. Soon the birds will come from their warm Southern homes and begin to build their nests. The little green leaves will come out on the trees along by the river and over in the park. The warm sun will remind us that soon many of us will leave the great city and go away off into the country, where the voices of woods and flowers and hills are calling us to come. And Easter is the beginning of spring, when we see new life in the earth and feel new life in ourselves—and we're just glad!

And there is another reason, too, for being glad at Easter.

You remember how the disciples of Jesus were overwhelmed with grief and disappointment when they knew that this friend, whom they had come to think of as the Saviour of their people Israel, was dead. They were saddened, too, by the memory of their own disloyalty to him. All the hope which he had aroused in their hearts about the coming of a new kingdom was now gone. They had scattered to their homes in sorrow.

And then as they thought over all that Jesus, their friend and teacher, had meant to them in his short life, they began to feel a great hope stirring in their hearts that perhaps Jesus had not gone from them after all, but was somehow with them still. They just couldn't believe that a man so great and good could really die before his work was done!

And this conviction grew and grew until it seemed to them that Jesus himself was really urging them and helping them to carry on the work he had begun. They still felt his power over their lives, perhaps more than when they walked with him over the hills of Galilee.

And they went forth into the world strengthened by this faith, saying, "We will prove to men that Jesus is not dead, but lives in the hearts of all those who follow him."

That was many centuries ago, but since then just see how that little band of followers has grown to be the great Church of Christ, spread over the whole earth. And every Easter, from that day to this, Christians say one to another, "Let us go forth and prove to men that Jesus is not dead but lives. For we shall show that in all true Christians the work he began two thousand years ago is being carried forward still, and his spirit still rules in their hearts."

And so the Easter message rings through all the earth, and we are glad and the world is glad, because we believe that we *all* shall live and work together in a glorious and everlasting fellowship, with one another, with those who have gone on before us, and with our Heavenly Father.

PRAYER

O Father of Light and Love, Thou makest the earth to blossom as the rose and dost cause the hearts of men to sing with joy and thanksgiving. Thou art ever kind to us, for the earth is beautiful to live in and the sunshine of spring makes us glad.

In these days of Easter time we have been thinking more about Jesus, our Master. We feel that as the years go by we are coming to understand him better. We think about his strong courage, his tenderness, his sympathy, his mighty endurance, his power over men, and our hearts go out to him in trust as to one who can lead us even to Thee, O Father, for in his face we behold the light of the knowledge of Thy glory.

We pray, our Father, that the spirit of Christ may come into our lives. Help us to live every day as Thy children should live. May we reach out helping hands to all who need our sympathy and love. May all Thy children everywhere learn to live in friendliness and peace. Then shall all the world know that Christ is risen indeed, for Thy King-

dom shall have come and Thy will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven, and the spirit of our Master shall live in the heart of every child of God. AMEN.

THE GAME OF LIFE

If I should ask you why you play games—tennis and baseball and drop-the-handkerchief, hop-scotch, basket-ball, chess, checkers, tag, hare and hounds, and all the rest—you would probably say: "Because I like to." And if I should ask you why you like to you would probably say: "Because it's fun." And if I should ask you why you think it is fun you would probably say: "I don't know. It's just fun, that's all." And perhaps if you asked *me*, I'd say: "I don't know, either."

But I *think* I know *some* reasons why it is fun to play games. One is because it's exciting. You never know just what's going to happen next. There's an uncertainty about it that keeps you on the watch. You don't know who is going to get the handkerchief. You come to the last inning with the score 0—0, three men on bases, two men out, and two strikes against the batter, and a whole lot depends on what happens next. Games are exciting.

And another reason is that they take skill. You have to *know how*. You like to play with people who can play well, and the better you play, the better you like the game.

A third reason is because there are rules. Maybe you don't always like rules, but it would be a queer game that didn't have any rules. The rules make the game. They tell you what to do. And you have to play according to rules, too. If you don't, you get put out of the game.

I wonder if you ever noticed how every game is a series of little games. Every inning is a little game of baseball all by itself. You can lose in several innings and still win the whole game. And when you have a series of games the whole season is like one big game. You can lose several games and still come out victorious for the whole series. In something the same way all our games, our studies, our class work, our clubs, our work at home, and by and by our business, all these things are parts of the game of life. And we can be defeated in several of these smaller games and still win out in the larger game of life.

And the game of life has its rules, too. You know some of them: Thou shalt not lie. Thou shalt not cheat. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt be friends with every one. These rules run through all our smaller games, and sometimes obeying these rules means getting defeated in one of the little games, but it means winning out in the game of life.

You may find teams that don't play always according to rule. They take advantage of the other side when the umpire isn't looking. Maybe they win their little game, but they are defeated in the larger game of life of which the smaller game is a part.

Sometimes you may find that the people you are playing with don't want you to play fair; they want you to win at any cost. And it may be that you'll be in a position in which you'll have to choose between playing crooked and being put off the team. But if you can, you'll find a captain who knows the game and who wants to play fair, whom you can trust, who knows what to do, and who will look out for you and back you up when you play fair.

We have a captain in the game of life. I wonder if you have ever thought how we came to choose him for our captain. I'll tell you.

It happened a long time ago. Jesus grew up believing that people weren't playing fair. They weren't obeying the rules. The rules weren't so bad, but they twisted them all around so that they only *seemed* to obey them when really they did not. So Jesus put the most important rules in very simple form and summed them all up in these two: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind and with all thy heart and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.

But the people wouldn't stand for it. They refused to play according to the rules, and he had to choose between playing crooked and being put off the team. And they put him off the team—they put him to death.

But some of those who had known the rules and had seen how he stood by them to the very last became convinced that he was right, that the only way we can succeed in the biggest of all games, which we shall play on down through eternity, is to play according to the rules of the game.

And so they made him captain of their team because they could

trust him. He knew the rules down to the ground. He knew what to do, and he could take care of them and back them up when they played fair. He wasn't afraid. So why should they be afraid to get into the game of life and play it hard and play it fair? And they weren't afraid, and they did get into the game, and they did get defeated—but in the larger game of eternal life they were victorious.

On Easter we celebrate the victory of Jesus Christ, our Captain, and the victory of all those who have played their game and played it fair and who have followed him into the eternal city.

(Read first and last verses of "Vitaï Lampada," in *Poems of Action.* See Bibliography, page 32.)

LOYALTY

Peter

It is only two or three weeks before Easter. I want to read to you about something that happened before the first Easter many hundreds of years ago. It's a long story, so I will read only a little of it here and there.

Jesus and his few friends had just eaten their last supper together. Leaving the noisy city, they had walked across the valley to the cool, dark gardens of the Mount of Olives, where Jesus could be quite alone with his disciples for the last time.

Presently Jesus said to them, "You will all be dismayed at what is going to happen." "All the others may be dismayed," said Peter, "but I never will." "Peter," said Jesus quietly, "this very night, before the morning comes, you yourself will disown me three times."

"Even if I must die with you," declared Peter again and again, "I will never disown you." And the other disciples said the same thing.

And they went into the garden of Gethsemane. And he asked them to wait for him and to watch while he went on farther and prayed. But when he returned to them he found them all asleep. "Simon," he said, "could you not keep awake a single hour?" Three times he went and prayed, and each time, instead of watching, they went to sleep. Suddenly he heard the muffled sound of hurrying footsteps and the murmuring of a crowd. "Come," he said, "rouse yourselves; my be-

trayer is at hand." And even while he spoke, Judas, one of his friends, came, leading a crowd of men armed with swords and cudgels. And they seized Jesus. Then all his friends forsook him and fled.

So they led Jesus away to the High Priest's house. And Peter followed at a distance as far as the outer court of the High Priest's house. But there he remained sitting with the officers and warming himself by the fire.

Now, while Peter was there, one of the High Priest's maid-servants came, and, seeing Peter warming himself, she looked at him and said, "You also were with Jesus the Nazarene." But he denied it and said, "I don't know. I don't understand. What do you mean?"

And then he went out into the outer court. Again the maid-servant saw him, and again she began to say to the people standing by, "He is one of them."

A second time he denied it. Soon afterward the bystanders again accused Peter, saying, "You surely are one of them, for you are a Galilean." But he broke out into curses and oaths, saying, "I know nothing of the man you are talking about."

Just then the Master turned and looked at Peter. And then Peter remembered how Jesus had said, "Before morning you will disown me three times."

And he went away from the palace weeping bitterly. And Jesus was left alone. (Compiled from recent translations.)

All this, I say, was before the first Easter. You all know what happened after the first Easter—how all these men, who had deserted him in his last hours of lonely suffering, came together once more with a new purpose and a new courage in their hearts. In Peter's heart Peter the Coward was dead and Peter the Loyal was born—and so it was with all the rest. And from that time they never again forsook their Master.

I suppose that Peter the Coward would never have become Peter the Loyal if it had not been for that first terrible Good Friday and that first glorious Easter. But that all happened many centuries ago. We do not have to pass through those days again in order to become loyal to the Master. We can be loyal to Jesus even in the First Grade, can't we?

But as we get older and grow up, if we really are to be loyal to him, we must enter more fully into the responsibilities of discipleship.

How can we do so?

When those friends of his came together again and resolved to carry on his work no matter what might happen to them, they formed the organization, the club if you will, of only twelve members, out of which has grown the Church of Christ. With all its mistakes, the church has at heart, as its sole purpose, to carry on the work Jesus began. And so people who want to make their efforts count for most usually join forces with his organization and work in co-operation with the thousands and thousands of others all over the world who are working for the same ends.

And so the Church of Christ is waiting for you. Whenever, as time goes on, you come to feel that you would like to stand up and say to all the world that you want to be on the side of Jesus Christ, to be loyal to him, and to help carry on the work of his Kingdom, the church stands ready to receive you into full membership—with what joy it *shall* receive you you can only know when, as you grow older, you see these smaller brothers and sisters of yours following in your footsteps.

PRAYER

O God, our Father, we are made strong by the strength of Christ. Our hearts are bound to him as we remember how he was faithful to Thee even unto death. The more we think of him the more we love him, and the more eager we are to follow him. To whom shall we go but to him? There is none other whom we can trust so completely, none other who can teach us the way of life, none other who can reveal to us the glory of Thy face.

Help us to trust him. Would that we might never betray his trust in us. May cowardice die in our hearts and loyalty be born anew with each new day, for each new day we would renew our allegiance to him who is the Master of Life.

And all our prayer we offer in his name. AMEN.

David's Mighty Men

King David had many mighty men to serve him; and he himself was a great warrior. Many were the wars he fought against his enemies, the Philistines, who lived toward the west along the coast. And many were the deeds of valor which he and his men performed. Among these followers were three who were especially noted for their bravery and loyalty to King David. You may read about them in the twenty-third chapter of the second book of Samuel.

There was Adino, who fought against eight hundred men. And Eleazar, one of the three mighty men with David when they defied the Philistines that were gathered together to do battle. And there was Shammah, who, when everybody else had fled, stood his ground against a band of Philistines which had come to forage the land.

But these men knew how to show their loyalty in other ways than by fighting.

One day David was besieged in the cave of Adullam. It was the Philistines who were besieging him. They were encamped not far away—in Bethlehem, which was David's own home town. The sun was blazing hot, and the air was very dry, as it usually is in that country; and David was very thirsty. And as he thought about the cool, fresh water of the well in Bethlehem, he began to long for a drink of water, and he said aloud to himself, "Oh, that someone would bring me water to drink from the well at Bethlehem that is by the gate!"

Now it happened that these three men overheard what David said. They knew that the Philistines were encamped in Bethlehem, yet, without a moment's hesitation, they took up their armor and went down from the cave and across the valley to Bethlehem. And they broke through the host of the Philistines, and drew water from the well that was by the gate, and took it and brought it to David.

And when David saw it, he was so touched by their devotion to him that he could hardly speak. And he took the cup tenderly in his hand. But when he thought of the terrible risk they had run just that he might quench his thirst, he would not drink the water, but poured it out upon the ground as a thank-offering to Jehovah. And he said: "Be it far from me, O Jehovah, that I should do this. Shall I drink

the blood of the men that went in danger of their lives?" Therefore he would not drink it. These things did the three mighty men.

PRAYER

O God, our Father, our hearts are stirred by the stories of brave men who have done great things for one another, who have given themselves, with a generous abandon, to the serving of their friends. It is by such deeds that the little courtesies of life are ennobled and made divine. For such deeds tell of the heart's devotion and of the faithfulness of loyal friendship.

How patient and true and strong is Thy friendship for us! We know we disappoint Thee often. We are often careless. We are often thoughtless of others. We make our friends sorry by hasty words. And when we make things unpleasant for our friends, or for anybody, we know that we have no right to be called Christians. Yet Thou art always patient. Thy loving-kindness endureth forever. Thy gentleness, O God, gives us strength. Help us to resolve to be more loyal to one another. May we learn the joy that comes from true courtesy, from being faithful to duty, from helping things along. So may we earn our citizenship in Thy Kingdom.

We pray, our Father, for the many, many people who are this day suffering in the loss of homes and loved ones. We are glad that so much is being done to relieve distress of body. Do Thou minister to distress of mind and heart, and bring comfort to those who are worn out with sorrow and pain.

And all this we ask for Christ's sake. AMEN.

A CAMP-FIRE GIRL

This is a true story. It is about a Camp-Fire Girl. Those of you who are now members probably know the Law of the Camp-Fire by heart. But as the rest do not, I will tell you what it is. "To seek beauty. To give service. To pursue knowledge. To be trustworthy. To hold on to health. To glorify work. To be happy." The little story I am going to tell has to do with three of these laws: To give service; to be trustworthy; to glorify work.

I suppose you all remember the great pageant that was presented at the big armory by the Y. W. C. A. a short time ago. Perhaps some of you saw it. But even if you only read about it, you probably felt what an enormous lot of work somebody had to do in order to arrange for so extensive an exhibition of the work of the association. There were rehearsals to go to, and costumes to make, and dances to practise, and parts to learn. And you can imagine that after some weeks of this sort of thing the girls got pretty tired.

But the worst time came during the week of the performance. The night before, there was the dress rehearsal, from which many did not get home till after midnight. Then came the long day of furious rush and anxiety about the many details that inevitably came at the last minute. Then came the performance itself, with the strain of appearing before an audience of thousands of people. So that by the time the affair was over, almost all the girls were completely fagged, and no one wanted to do another thing but go home and go to bed.

But in getting ready in the afternoon, naturally all the spare room had been rather littered up, and things were dirty and disordered.

As soon as the performance was over one of the girls, who was younger than the rest, started to put things to rights in the small corner for which she felt responsible, and to sweep up a little before leaving.

"Oh, don't do that," everybody said; "you're too tired to do anything more to-night." And indeed she was. She looked as though she had hardly strength enough left to get home, much less to clean up.

"Oh, come on home," they said. "The scrubwomen will do all this." But the more they talked the harder she worked, and all the time she was so tired she could have cried.

Finally she couldn't stand being talked to that way any longer. "Look here," she said, "you folks go on home. I know I don't have to do this. Maybe you don't realize it, but *I'm* a Camp-Fire Girl!"

PRAYER

Our Heavenly Father, every time we hear about some simple act of devotion we feel somehow as though we had come into touch with Thee. In the faces of those who are faithful we have seen reflected the glory of God. And when our hearts are hallowed by the sense of Thy

gracious presence, then little commonplace things that people do are seen often to throb with the spirit of heroic consecration.

Forgive us, our Father, that we so take for granted the faithful service of those who care for us or help us in any way. Forgive us that we so often fail to do even our duty toward them. We have let our mothers put away the books or papers or toys and playthings that we have been using, when our mothers were as tired as we. When we feel cross and ill-natured inside, we forget that perhaps other people feel that way too, and that if we are going to be Christians we've got to be pleasant and try to make other folks happy.

For all the other little things we leave undone, O Father, help us to hold ourselves to strict account. Help us to be faithful to every trust, to regard each task as the call of God to do our duty. And may we give ourselves with a joyous abandon to the service of our Master, Jesus Christ. And this we ask in his name. AMEN.

THE SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Faith of our fathers. We young folks perhaps feel sometimes that we can do things much better than our fathers did. The present generation is supposed to be very wise and superior. But did you ever stop to think that if this is true—and I'm not proposing to discuss it—if it is true that we are better and wiser than our forefathers, then it is true just because they planned to have it so. After all, we are what our fathers have made us. We have the things they gave us. We enjoy the opportunities they made possible.

Take our country, for example. Where did we get our America? Little by little, its institutions, its government, its industries, its ideals have been built up by the labor and wisdom of past generations. Some have done more than others, perhaps. But to them all we owe something.

And particularly to Washington and Lincoln do we owe more than you or I can ever estimate. The burdens they bore so splendidly we shall never have to bear.

Something of the high spirit of these mighty men is in the poem

called "Lincoln, the Man of the People," by Edwin Markham. I read it because it shows us what it is that has made men like Lincoln great; because it rings with the spirit men must have now if our country is to grow into the great, good nation we hope and believe it shall become.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE*

"When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the ancient heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heat with thrill of human tears;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The goodwill of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The mercy of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Beneath the mountain to the rifted rock;
The undelaying justice of the light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

Sprung from the West,
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen axe to the root of wrong,

* From *Lincoln and Other Poems*. Used by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

Clearing a free way for the feet of God.
And evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king:
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the Captain with the thinking heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the House,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridge-pole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

—*Edwin Markham.*

PRAYER

O God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for our country. We have received much at her hand. We have been kept safe from harm. The bread we eat, the clothes we wear, the schools we go to, the hills and woods and rivers, the manifold life of the great city—all these things our country has provided for us.

For generations the men we honor have labored to make our country into a great home for its citizens, a home where all who love freedom and righteousness may live at peace with one another and with the world. And now, as we grow into the strength of manhood or womanhood, we want to take our part, our Father, in the world's work. We want to shoulder a citizen's share of responsibility for the great home which is common to us all. We want to help purify it of all taint of evil. We want to add to its store of good, so that everyone who lives within its protecting borders may enjoy the abundance of life which is their Christian heritage.

We pray for all who administer the affairs of our government. Give them wisdom and self-control that they may carry out Thy purposes for our country. We pray for all its people, that they may have work to do and bread to eat and homes to love. Keep all Thy children in

safety and peace and cheerful industry, both in this land and in all lands. And at last may Thy Kingdom come in all the earth. We ask it in the name of Jesus, who is leading all nations onward into the light of the knowledge of Thy glory. AMEN.

DANIEL'S LOYALTY

In the second century before Christ, the little country of Palestine was coming under the influence of Greek and Roman civilization. The rulers were trying to force the people, by all sorts of cruelties, to abandon the religion and the customs of their fathers and to adopt the ways of the Greeks. Many suffered terrible tortures rather than go back on what they thought was right. Among the books written at that time to help the people to be faithful was the book of Daniel, which is now in our Bible.

You know the story. It is about a man named Daniel, who with his three friends was carried off to Babylon at the time of the Jewish exile, years before. The story has it that their good sense brought them into prominence, and Daniel became an adviser to the King himself. This made some of the princes angry, and they tried to get Daniel into trouble. But in spite of persecution Daniel was faithful to his religion. This is one of the stories that is told about him.

(Read here Dan. 6 : 1–9.)

But Daniel, as was the custom with good Jews, had been in the habit of praying to God three times a day. Now he knew that it would be dangerous for him to keep this up, since the King, to please his courtiers, had just made a law forbidding it. Nevertheless . . . (Continue the reading here through verse 16.)

And if you want to know the rest of the story, read the sixth chapter of Daniel.

PRAYER

O God, our Father, even to-day it is often hard for people to hold fast to Thee. Many of our friends, who are trying to do right and to deal fairly with other people, find it hard to be honorable and just in every little thing when others are winning fame and wealth by deeds of dishonor and oppression and injustice. Only Thou knowest the ter-

rible temptations which come to those who possess power over men, power in money, in politics, in business. We pray, our Father, that Thou wilt strengthen these men. Help them to keep before their eyes the vision of an honorable success, and may no alluring lust or selfish ambition, nor any fear of failure, crowd out the high resolves which they have made.

And Thou hast given power also even to the youngest and smallest of us. We all can be of help in some way, and we all are learning to be more useful every day. Often we are tempted to please ourselves instead of doing some little irksome duty which will be of help to someone else. Keep us faithful, O Father. May the peevish and thoughtless words be checked. May our whole desire be to make all around us happy.

And so, as each does his part, shall justice roll down like waters and righteousness as a mighty stream. AMEN.

DINK STOVER

LOYALTY TO THE TRUTH*

It had been a hard game. The two teams had been about evenly matched and the score at the end of the second half stood 4—0 in favor of the Kennedy team. A touchdown and a goal would mean victory for the team from the Woodhull House. The boys at an academy, you know, live in different houses, and these houses or dormitories are great rivals in athletics. Each has its own teams in football, baseball, and everything else. And so that's why the Woodhulls were so eager to make these last few minutes of play count for a touchdown and a goal, and so change the score to 6—4 in their favor.

Dink Stover had not been allowed to play because he was wanted for a 'varsity game later in the week. And so he was linesman for the Kennedy House. It was getting dark and the half was nearly over—three more minutes to play. Again and again the Woodhulls furiously attacked a weak spot in the Kennedy line, gaining at every rush, past the 40-yard line, past the 20-yard mark, and triumphantly, in the last minute of play, over the goal-line for a touchdown. The ball had been

* Adapted from Owen Johnson's *The Varmint*. Used by permission of Doubleday, Page & Co.

downed well to the right of the goal-posts and the trial for goal was an unusually difficult one. The score was now a tie, and everything depended on the goal which, through the dusk, the captain of the Woodhull team was preparing to kick. Dink Stover, as linesman, chanced to be standing directly behind the ball. Presently the captain of the Woodhulls ran forward, the ball shot high in the air, and to Stover's horror passed just barely inside the posts for a goal.

"No goal!" shouted the umpire.

Dink raised his head in surprise, scarcely believing what he had heard, for he had seen the ball pass between the posts with his own eyes. The other team was furiously disputing the decision. Then the umpire brushed aside the contesting, vociferous mass and began to take the vote of the officials.

"Kiefer, what do you say?" The referee shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it did seem a goal to me."

"Tug, what do you say?"

"Goal, sure," said the linesman for the Woodhull. At this, jeers and hoots broke out from the Kennedy.

"Of course he'd say that!"

"He's from the Woodhull!" they cried.

"Hold up," said the umpire. "Don't get excited. I'll put it up to your own man. Dink, was it a goal or no goal?"

Dink Stover suddenly found himself in a whirling, angry mass—the decision of the game in his own hands. He saw the sneers on the faces of the Woodhull men as they waited for his answer. Then he saw the faces of his own team-mates and knew that they, too, in their frenzy, expected him to stand by the team and say that it was not a goal. He hesitated.

"Goal or no goal?" cried the umpire for the second time.

Then suddenly, face to face with the hostile mass, the fighting blood came to Dink. He looked once more above the riot to the shadowy goal-posts, trying to forget the angry faces, and then, with a snap of his jaws, he answered:

"Goal!"

There was a sudden silence, and then amid the jeers and execrations of his team-mates he turned on his heel and went to his room.

Dink had never been popular, and he felt that now he had lost his last chance and that everybody would be down on him; for his decision, honest though it was, had given the victory to the opposing team.

But overnight something happened, and he woke up the next day to find himself the hero of the school. After the boys had had time to cool off and think about it, they had changed their opinion about what he did. Admiration for his conduct was expressed on all sides. He could hardly go out without being accosted by friends and enemies alike, who wanted to shake his hand and tell him he had done the square thing.

"What are they making all this fuss for?" he said to himself. "I only told the truth."

But down in his heart he knew, and all the other boys had come to know, that an honest defeat is worth more than a stolen victory.

PRAYER

Our Father, Thou knowest all that is in our hearts, all that we would hide away in the most secret chamber of our minds. We may deceive others. We may deceive ourselves. We cannot deceive Thee. Thou art the God of Truth. Every falsehood, every treacherous lie, is abominable in Thy sight. Help us to hate lies and to keep our thoughts free from every deceit. And when it seems as though a little falsehood would not be noticed by anybody, then give us strength to hold fast to the truth.

And this we ask for Christ's sake. AMEN.

VACATION THOUGHTS

We are all going to have a vacation. Most of us are soon going away off somewhere where woods and hills and flowers, or the wash of the tide on the sand, are calling us to come. But did you ever stop to think that there is one thing that we can never take a vacation from? We can take a vacation from day school and Sunday school, from business, from the noise and dust of city streets, from our city homes; but we can't escape from living! and from living with other people. We always have playmates, and we usually have our mothers and fathers

with us. There are always visitors and strangers and the people who run things. And we would not want it otherwise. It would be horribly lonesome if we had to go off somewhere all by ourselves. Wouldn't it?

Living is just like a great contest or game, or many games, one right after the other, like the seasons in athletics. In the spring and summer we have baseball and marbles. In the fall comes football. Then, when it is cold, we have basket-ball and hockey; and by that time baseball has come 'round again. And so it is in living. We no sooner win one victory than we are off again trying to win another. Only in *life*, *we* are doing all the playing. We are not just looking on and watching somebody else play.

Did you ever stop to think what it means to play on a big team? I'll tell you one thing it means. It means *training*. If you want to play on a school team, whether to run a quarter-mile, or to row an oar on a crew, or to play short-stop on a baseball nine, you've got to keep in training. And that just means keeping yourself in such perfect condition that you will always know your game, and play it well, and will not get weak at a critical moment. It means eating good, wholesome food—no candy, no sodas—going to bed early and getting up early, practising your game or stunt every day and trying to improve all the time. It's hard work, but it pays. For you always are strong and well and fit for the contest.

Just the other day I heard about what happened to a team, one member of which had failed to keep in training. I don't remember the name of the school. They had been getting ready for the final game of the season, which was with another school of about the same size. So far they had won every game, and things were going splendidly. But this last game was the hardest of all, and they needed every bit of strength they could muster. Finally the day came and the two teams lined up. Neither side could make any headway against the other till, all at once, one of the men began to give out. He had never done so before, and he was one of the best players. They just couldn't get along without him. But he got weaker and weaker, and the other team began to get the advantage.

The coach had suspected what the matter was all the time. Can you guess? *That man had broken training!* He had taken a vacation

from training before the season was over, and the game was lost because one man was not able to do his best at the critical moment.

The season of life's game is never over. *Life* is a game we never stop playing. And it's the hardest and most fascinating game in the world. It needs every ounce of strength and knowledge and self-control that we can muster. Whether we are in the city, or on the coast of Maine, or up in the Adirondacks, it's all the same game. Don't break training. At Sunday school you have learned what it means to worship God every Sunday morning, to think about His kindness. You have learned to appreciate the lives of men and women who have made God their friend, and to help one another in work and in play. You have been learning how to play the game of life, and you have come to love your Captain, Jesus Christ. Don't break training.

No matter where you are or what you are doing, you are always members of the family whose name you bear; you are always members of the ——— Sunday school; you are always sons and daughters of your Heavenly Father. And your team-mates? Why, they are—all the children of God.

PRAYER

O God, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for our fellowship with one another during these many happy months. The days have seemed so short for all that we have wanted to talk about together. Thou hast given us so many things that we have never even spoken of and which we have not yet come to understand as we would like to. But we know that life itself is stretching out before us like a path of gold through the City of God. And we shall march ever onward and upward, learning day by day about the world through which we pass, growing stronger and wiser and more useful.

We are glad that we do not have to go along our way alone, but that wherever we turn there are hands stretched out to help us and friends to talk with and to love. And Thou, O Father, art always with us, urging us on to do our best, sorrowing in our sorrow, rejoicing in our joy.

Keep us faithful, O Father, to all that we have learned in our year together. May we not forget to talk with Thee often. May we not

forget that Thou hast entrusted to us a part of Thy great task of making people happy and well and of spreading Thy Kingdom of Righteousness through all the earth.

Keep us safely through the summer days, and by and by, in Thy good time, may we come together again to renew our fellowship with one another.

And this we ask in the name of our Master and our Friend, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

XII

ORDERS OF SERVICE

The following orders of service are offered as illustrations of the application of the principles of children's worship mentioned in the earlier sections of this book and worked out in detail in the writer's *Worship in the Sunday School* (Teachers College, Columbia University). It is not intended that they shall be regarded as final or perfectly adapted to every situation. They have produced satisfactory results from the point of view of education in worship. They represent long experience and a thoroughgoing scientific study of worship. Many of them have been used, with and without slight changes, in schools of the average character and have been found satisfactory. One cannot go far wrong, therefore, in taking any one of them. When changes are made, it is hoped that they may be made in the same scientific spirit in which the original orders were produced and not simply for the sake of being different.

In order that the organization and conduct of the worship may be clearly understood, a few services, Nos. 1 to 5, are here printed complete, showing the material used and the details of transition from one item to the next. Otherwise no references are given to story material or hymns, in order that it may be easy to make use of the different orders with different themes. The classification of all material under suitable headings is a help in planning the service.

A few services are given for special occasions. The suggestions as to stories, etc., may or may not be adopted, but care should be taken to maintain the transitions provided for.

Special Notes

1. Heavy figures refer to pages in *The Book of Worship.*
2. Light figures refer to pages in the *Manual.*
3. It is usually better to play all hymns through once, whether they are announced or not. This is often sufficient announcement to make of familiar hymns, when the numbers are posted.
4. The singing is done best when the children are standing. It is well to accustom the teachers and children to rising at some regular time, such as the beginning of the next to the last line.
5. The first five services illustrate how to construct the worship about various themes.

Complete Services

1. Theme: Gratitude

1. Processional Hymn, "Rejoice, ye pure in heart," p. **122.**
   The school enters, takes part in the hymn, and remains standing as the leader says: "Let us pray." Then follows:
2. The Lord's Prayer, the choir singing the Amen.
   Still standing, the school then sings, without announcement:
3. The Doxology. (Only the first line need be played.)
   The school is then seated and bowed during the
4. Sentence by the choir, sung softly:

   "The Lord is in His holy temple,
   Let all the earth keep silence before Him." P. **155.**

   The school continues with heads bowed, and the leader says: "Let us pray." Then follows:
5. The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Gratitude," p. **5**, the choir singing the Amen.
6. Hymn, "We plough the fields and scatter," p. **58.**
7. Story, "What Bradley Owed," p. 35.
   At the close of the story the leader says: "Let us pray." Then follows:
8. The Leader's Prayer, p. 36, the choir singing the Amen.
9. Recessional Hymn, "For the beauty of the earth," p. **48.**

2. Theme: Goodwill

1. Instrumental Prelude.

   At the close of the prelude the leader shall rise and read, with the school:

2. The Call to Worship, p. **3**, No. 1.
3. The Lord's Prayer, the choir singing the Amen.
4. A Psalm of Goodwill, p. **32**.

   The school is then seated as the choir sings:

5. The Sentence by the Choir (see p. **155** *f.*).

   At the close of the sentence the leader says: "Let us pray." Then follows:

6. The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Goodwill," p. **6**, the choir singing the Amen.
7. Hymn, "While shepherds watched their flocks," p. **86**, or another.
8. Story, "The Banyan Deer" (see list of stories, p. 29).

   At the end of the story the leader says: "Let us pray." Then follows:

9. The Leader's Prayer, the school singing the Amen.
10. Hymn, "Joy to the world," p. **80**.
11. Benediction.

3. Theme: Reverence

1. Call to Worship, p. 145.
2. Opening Stanza, sung by the school, standing, p. **154**:

   "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

   The leader now says: "Let us pray." Then follows:

3. The Lord's Prayer, with or without an Amen sung by the school.

   The school is then seated, while the leader reads:

4. Scripture Lesson. Matt. 5 : 1, 2, 8; 7 : 16b–18; 12 : 33, 34b, 35. Phil. 4 : 8.
5. Hymn, "Lord of all life," p. **102**.
6. Story, "The Great Stone Face," p. 68.

   At the close of the story the leader says: "Let us pray." Then follows:

7. The Leader's Prayer, with or without the Amen sung by the school.
8. Hymn, "The King of love," p. **99**.
9. A Closing Prayer by the Leader, p. 150, or the Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Reverence," p. **7**.
10. Benediction sung by the school, p. **158** *f.*, or one of the Unison Benedictions, p. **16**.

4. Theme: Faith

1. Prelude.

   At the close of the prelude the organist plays the music of the first hymn. Then the leader reads:

2. The Call to Worship, p. 145.

   Then follows at once:

3. Hymn, "Come, my soul, thou must be waking," p. **135**.

   The leader then says, "Let us pray," and the school, still standing, repeats:

4. The Lord's Prayer, the choir singing the Amen.

   The school is then seated as the leader or an older pupil reads:

5. The Scripture Lesson. Matt. 17 : 14–21.
6. Story, "Faith in Oneself," p. 96.
7. The Leader's Prayer, the school singing the Amen.
8. Hymn, "O God, who workest hitherto," p. **142**, standing.

   The school is then seated as the choir sings:

9. The Choir Sentence, p. **155**:

   "O Father hear us, and answer our prayer."

   At the close of the sentence the leader says, "Let us pray," and then follows:

10. The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Faith," p. **8**, with choir Amen.
11. Hymn, "Fight the good fight."
12. Benediction, or closing prayer.

5. Theme: Loyalty

1. Processional Hymn, "Lead on, O King Eternal."
2. Psalm, p. **40**.

   As the school still stands the leader says: "Let us pray." Then follows:

3. The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Loyalty," p. **9**.

   The school is then seated during the

4. Story, "Daniel's Loyalty," p. 119.
5. Leader's Prayer, followed by the Lord's Prayer.
6. Hymn, "Faith of our fathers," p. **136**.
7. Offertory Sentence, p. 146.
8. The Offering Received.
9. The Dedication, Unison, p. **157**, or Prayer, p. 150.
10. Recessional Hymn, "Fight the good fight."

The above program can be used without the processional and recessional hymns by preceding the processional with a call to worship and by adding a benediction or closing prayer after the last hymn, No. 10.

Miscellaneous Orders of Worship

for use with any theme

I. To be used where there is a choir, and when processional and recessional hymns are desired.

6

Processional Hymn
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Doxology . . . . . Standing
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, heads bowed
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, heads bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated
Recessional Hymn

7

Processional Hymn
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Opening Stanza, "Holy, holy, holy," p. **154** . . . . . Standing
Choir Response, "Holy, holy, holy," p. **156** . . . . . Seated, bowed
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

8

Processional Hymn
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Opening Stanza, "Holy, holy, holy," p. **154** . . . . . Standing
Choir Response, "Holy, holy, holy," p. **156** . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Anthem by the Choir (for Thanksgiving, etc.) . . . . . Seated
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Leader's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

9

Processional Hymn
Psalm, unison or responsive . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer, Choir or School Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Benediction, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

10

Processional Hymn
The Doxology . . . . . Standing
Psalm, unison or responsive . . . . . Standing
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

11

Processional Hymn
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Psalm, unison or responsive . . . . . Standing
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

12

Processional Hymn
Psalm, unison or responsive . . . . . Standing
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer, School or Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

13

Processional Hymn
Psalm, unison or responsive . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Scripture Lesson . . . . . Seated
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Silence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Benediction, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

14

Processional Hymn
Greeting (see "Calls to Worship," p. 3, No. 1) . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Scripture Lesson . . . . . Seated
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer, Choir or School Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

15

Processional Hymn
Greeting (see "Calls to Worship," p. 3, No. 1) . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Doxology . . . . . Standing
Scripture Lesson . . . . . Seated
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Silence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Benediction, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

16

Processional Hymn
Greeting (see "Calls to Worship," p. 3, No. 1) . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Doxology . . . . . Standing
Anthem (for Thanksgiving, etc.) . . . . . Seated
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer, Choir or School Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Benediction, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

17

Processional Hymn
Psalm, unison or responsive . . . . . Standing
Unison Prayer . . . . . Standing
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Silence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Leader's Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Benediction . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

18

Processional Hymn
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Opening Stanza, "Holy, holy, holy" . . . . . Standing
Choir Response, "Holy, holy, holy" . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Scripture Lesson . . . . . Seated
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story (or organ) . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer, School Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Benediction, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Silence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

19

Processional Hymn
Psalm, unison or responsive . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Standing
Scripture Lesson . . . . . Seated
Story . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer, School Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Choir Sentence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Unison Prayer, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Benediction, Choir Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Recessional Hymn

II. To be used where there is a choir, but when processional and recessional hymns are not desired.

Practically all of the services just given can be readily adapted to this situation by preceding the first hymn by a call to worship, and by adding a benediction by the school or by the leader, or a unison prayer by the school or by the leader, at the close. See Services Nos. 2, 3, and 4.

III. To be used where there is no choir.

See Services Nos. 3 and 5. The sentences suggested for the choir can also be used by the whole school. When this is done, and also the suggestion just made under II is adopted, then most of the services printed above under I become available in this situation. A few others are given:

20

Instrumental Prelude
Call to Worship, p. 145. . . . . Standing
A Doxology or one stanza of a hymn of praise . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer . . . . . Standing
Psalm, read responsively . . . . . Seated
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story, or organ solo . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Response, p. **155**, No. 3, by the school . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Offertory Sentence, p. 146 . . . . . Seated
The Offering Received . . . . . Seated
Offertory Prayer, sung by the school, p. **157** . . . . . Seated
Hymn

21

Opening Sentence, sung by the school, preferably kneeling, p. **3**
A Unison Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
A Doxology, p. **153** *f.* . . . . . Standing
Scripture Lesson . . . . . Seated
Story . . . . . Seated
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Leader's Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
The Lord's Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Benediction, or Closing Prayer . . . . . Standing

22

A Doxology, introduced by being played through . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer . . . . . Standing
Scripture Lesson . . . . . Seated
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Story, or organ solo . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Closing Unison Prayer or Benediction . . . . . Standing

23

Call to Worship, p. 3 . . . . . Standing
Psalm, unison or responsive . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer . . . . . Standing
Story, or organ solo . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
The Amen to be followed by a few soft chords, indicating:
Silence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
A Unison Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn

IV. To be used when there is to be no story told.

In orders of service Nos. 1, 2, 5–7, 9–12, 17, 20, 23 a Scripture Lesson can be used in place of the Story. The adaptations suggested above under II and III apply here also. A few additional orders follow:

24

Prelude, during which the pupils come in quietly and take their places, making use of a moment of silent prayer before the beginning of the service. The Prelude ends with the first hymn played through once. This is then sung without announcement, the school rising with the leaders at the next to the last line.

Hymn . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer . . . . . Standing
Psalm, read responsively . . . . . Seated
A Unison Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
The Leader's Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
(A short prayer may be used, pp. 148 *f.*)
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Postlude, played while the classes go to their places

25

Call to Worship, p. **3** or 145
A Doxology . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer . . . . . Standing
Scripture Lesson . . . . . Seated
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Leader's Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
(Varied by the use of guided silent prayer. See p. 79)
Psalm, responsive or unison . . . . . Seated
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Benediction . . . . . Standing

26

Call to Worship, p. 145
Commandments, p. **24** . . . . . Standing
Response by the School or Choir . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer . . . . . Standing
Scripture or Poem . . . . . Seated
Leader's Prayer . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Hymn . . . . . Standing
Benediction . . . . . Standing

Opening and Closing Services

For use not as complete services of worship but as devotional moments to precede the lesson when the *worship* is at the end of the school session, or to close the session when the *worship* is at the beginning.

I. OPENING

27

Greeting, p. 3, No. 1 . . . . . Standing
The Lord's Prayer . . . . . Standing
A Doxology or Hymn . . . . . Standing
A Short Prayer, pp. 148 *ff.* . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Class Sessions

28

Call to Worship
Hymn of Praise . . . . . Standing
Sentence by School or Choir . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
"The Lord is in His holy temple"
Silence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Instrumental Amen . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Class Sessions

29

Opening Sentence, sung by the school, p. **155** . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Silence . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Offertory Sentence . . . . . Seated
Offering Received . . . . . Seated
Prayer of Dedication, sung by school, p. **157** . . . . . Standing
or made by leader, p. 150 . . . . . Seated or kneeling, bowed
Class Sessions

II. CLOSING

30

Instrumental Selection, during which the classes quietly take their places for the closing exercises
Reports and Notices
Special Class Reports
Special Exercises
Hymn, selected by a class, a different class choosing each Sunday
Short Leader's Prayer, pp. 148 *f.*
Benediction, by leader or school

31

Business Meeting
Closing Hymn, as p. **160** *f.*
Benediction, as p. **16**

32

Hymn, selected by a class, a different class choosing each Sunday
Business
Musical Benediction, p. **158** *f.*

Special Occasions*

CHRISTMAS

I

1. Processional Hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear"
2. The Lord's Prayer
3. The Doxology
4. Sentence by the Choir, the school seated, "The Lord is in His holy temple"
5. The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Goodwill"
6. Psalm 100, p. **27**, in unison
7. Song, "Martin Luther's Cradle Song," by some of the younger children
8. Scripture Lesson, from Luke 2
9. Hymn, "O little town of Bethlehem"
10. A Christmas Story
11. Vocal Solo, for soprano, "Cantique de Noël" . . . . . *Adam*
12. Carol, "The First Noël," p. **84**, by the school
13. Carol, "The Midnight Masse," by a choir of children . . . . . *Legge*
14. Hymn, "While shepherds watched their flocks"
15. Organ Solo, "March and Chorus," from "Tannhäuser"
16. Leader's Prayer
17. Recessional, "Joy to the world"

* In order to adapt these "services for special occasions" to other situations, changes can easily be made in them as is suggested on pp. 134 and 136.

CHRISTMAS

II

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Processional Hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear"
The Lord's Prayer
Psalm 100, p. **27**
Sentence by the Choir
The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Goodwill"

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Hymn, "O little town of Bethlehem," unannounced
Song Stories, by the Kindergarten, "The First Christmas," and "Christmas Night"
The Shepherds' Song, "Pastoral Symphony" . . . . . *Handel*
Luke 2, read by a child or by the leader
Hymn, "While shepherds watched their flocks"

CHRISTMAS SONGS

"Away in a Manger," solo by tenor or by a child
"The First Noël," carol by the school
"God rest you merry, gentlemen," carol by the choir

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

A Christmas Story
Leader's Prayer
Recessional Hymn, "Joy to the world"

CHRISTMAS

III

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men"

Processional Hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear"
Greeting: *Leader:* The Lord be with you
School: And with thy spirit
Leader: Let us pray
The Lord's Prayer

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord"

The Hope of the World, Isaiah. (Selected passages, see list, p. 24.) Read by an older pupil
The Shepherds' Song, "Pastoral Symphony," organ solo
The Coming of the Christ, Luke 2 (in part). Recited by a child
Hymn, "O little town of Bethlehem"

"And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child"

Cradle Song, "Away in a manger," Kindergarten
Carols, "Infant so Gentle," "Good Christian Men, Rejoice," by the choir
A Christmas Story
Leader's Prayer
Sentence by the Choir
The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Goodwill," or "For all Conditions of Men," p. **11**
Benediction
Recessional Hymn, "Joy to the world"

EASTER*

I

Processional Hymn, "Fight the good fight"
The Lord's Prayer
Scripture Lesson, Phil. 3 : 8–14; 4 : 4–9
Song by a younger class
Carol by the Choir
Hymn, "The day of resurrection"
Story (see "Easter Stories," under "Faith," pp. 82 *ff.*)
Hymn, "Immortal Love"
Leader's Prayer
Sentence by the Choir :

"The Lord is in His holy temple,
Let all the earth keep silence before Him"

Silence
The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Faith," Choir Amen
Benediction, Choir Amen
Recessional Hymn, "Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day"

II

Processional Hymn, "The day of resurrection"
The Lord's Prayer
Sentence by the Choir, "O Father, hear us," p. 155
The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Faith"
Hymn, "Immortal Love"
Song by a younger class
Carol by the Choir, "Sing We Now Our Hymns of Gladness"
Carol by the School, "Ring Ye Bells of Easter Day"
Story (see "Easter Stories," under "Faith," pp. 82 *ff.*)
Leader's Prayer
Recessional Hymn, "Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day"
Organ Postlude, "The Hallelujah Chorus"

* The services here suggested are made *short* so as not to interfere with the regular class sessions.

EASTER

III

Processional Hymn, "Christ the Lord is ris'n to-day"
Psalm 27, p. **39**
The Lord's Prayer
Hymn, "The Song of Easter," p. **123**
Carol by a younger class
Scripture Lesson, John 14 : 1–10, 15, 27
Anthem by the Choir, "Hail the Morn of Mystic Beauty"
Story, "The Game of Life," p. 108
Leader's Prayer
Hymn, "Ten thousand times ten thousand"
Sentence by the Choir
The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Faith"
Benediction
Recessional Hymn, "Fight the good fight"
Organ Postlude

ANNIVERSARY, COMMENCEMENT, OR CHILDREN'S DAY*

I

Processional Hymn, "Lead on, O King eternal"
The Lord's Prayer
Psalm 24, p. **40**
Sentence by the Choir, "The Lord is in His holy temple," p. **155**
The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Faith"
Song by the Choir, "Sabbath Bells"
Scripture Lesson, James 1 : 12–14, 17–25
Song by the Kindergarten (or some other class)
Talk, "The Meaning of Church Membership"
Hymn, "Fight the good fight"
Vacation Thoughts, p. 122
Organ Solo, "The Pilgrims' Chorus"
Leader's Prayer
Recessional Hymn, "We've a story to tell to the nations"

* These anniversary services leave time for other matters likely to come up at the end of the year, as, *e. g.*, an annual exhibit of the children's work.

ANNIVERSARY, COMMENCEMENT, OR CHILDREN'S DAY

II

Processional Hymn, "Light of the world"
Psalm 121, p. **34**
The Lord's Prayer
Scripture Lesson, Matt. 4 : 17–25
Song by the Choir, "Incline Thine Ear"
Talk, "What the Church Means to Us"
Hymn, "We've a story to tell to the nations"
Song by a younger class, "A Song of Spring"
Organ Solo
Leader's Prayer
Sentence by the Choir, "The Lord is in His holy temple"
Silence
The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Loyalty"
Benediction
Recessional Hymn, "Fight the good fight"

III

Processional Hymn, "Lead on, O King Eternal"
Psalm 121, p. **34**
The Lord's Prayer
Anthem by the Choir
Scripture Lesson, I Cor. 13
Hymn, "The King of love my Shepherd is"
Talk to the Graduating Classes
Presentation of Diplomas
Leader's Prayer
Hymn, "Fight the good fight"
Sentence by the Choir, "The Lord is in His holy temple"
Silence
The Unison Prayer, "A Prayer of Loyalty"
Benediction
Recessional Hymn, "We've a story to tell to the nations"

ANNIVERSARY, COMMENCEMENT, OR CHILDREN'S DAY

IV

CHURCH SERVICE FOR CHILDREN'S DAY*

Organ Prelude
Processional Hymn, the congregation standing as the school enters
Call to Worship
Invocation
The Lord's Prayer
Hymn
Psalm 23, in unison
Gloria Patri
Anthem, "There's a Friend for Little Children" . . . . . *Warren*
Scripture Lesson
Song by the Primary Department, "All Things Beautiful and Fair"
Prayer and Choir Response
Offertory, "When His Salvation Bringing" . . . . . *Tours*
Song by the Primary Department, "The Father's Care"
Story, "The Search for a Good Child" . . . . . *Lindsay*
Soprano Solo, "Song of the Knights and the Child"
Presentation of Bibles
Hymn
Prayer
Unison Benediction

* Used at Center Church, New Haven, June 11, 1911.

XIII

SENTENCES

CALLS TO WORSHIP*

✠

I will bless the Lord at all times;
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
O magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt His name together.

✠

O give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name;
Make known His deeds among the people;
Talk ye of His wondrous works.
Glory ye in His holy name.

✠

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.
For He is our God, and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

✠

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.
Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.

✠

O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.
Be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His name.
For the Lord is good; His kindness endureth forever,
And His faithfulness unto all generations.

✠

Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ.

* Other appropriate calls to worship will be found in the psalms in *The Book of Worship*.

OFFERTORY

✠

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

✠

Freely ye have received, freely give.

✠

Take ye up from among you an offering unto the Lord. Whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it.

✠

Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.

XIV

PRAYERS AND COLLECTS

The Beginning of Worship

FOR GRACE

1

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, almighty and everlasting God, who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; defend us in the same with Thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings, being ordered by Thy governance, may be righteous in Thy sight; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

2

Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy holy spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy name; through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

3

O almighty God, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift, and who pourest out on all who desire it the spirit of grace and supplication; deliver us, when we draw nigh unto Thee, from coldness of heart and wanderings of mind; that with steadfast thoughts and kindled affections we may worship Thee in spirit and in truth; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

4

Lord our God, great, eternal, wonderful in glory, who keepest covenant and promises for those that love Thee with their whole heart; who art the life of all, the help of those that flee unto Thee, the hope of those who cry unto Thee; cleanse us from our sins secret and open, and from every thought displeasing to Thy goodness; cleanse our bodies and souls, our hearts and consciences, that with a pure heart and a clear soul, with perfect love and calm hope, we may venture confidently and fearlessly to pray unto Thee. AMEN.

5

O Lord God, Father of mercies, the Fountain of comfort and blessing, who fillest heaven with Thy glory, and earth with Thy goodness: we offer Thee most earnest and humble thanks for the gifts of nature, and of grace, the support of every moment, and the comforts of every day. We beseech Thee to fill our hearts with Thy praise, that our thankfulness to Thee may be great as our needs, and that Thy grace may so strengthen our purposes that our lives may be a thank-offering to Thee, unto whom we ascribe all honor and glory. AMEN.

SPECIAL PRAYERS

FOR RIGHT-MINDEDNESS

6

O God, the Father almighty, grant us to have in Thee the light of knowledge, and the fulness of all virtue, that, while we seek for the precious gifts of knowledge, we may never depart from Thee, who art the fountain of all wisdom. AMEN.

7

O Lord, our light and our salvation; remove from us the darkness of sorrow and of ignorance, enlighten us with true wisdom, and give us ever a sure hope in Thee. AMEN.

8

Show the light of Thy countenance upon us, O Lord, that the going forth of Thy word may give light and understanding, to nourish hearts that are simple; and that while our desire is set on Thy commandments, we may receive with open heart the spirit of wisdom and understanding; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

9

FOR LOVE

O God, who hast prepared for those who love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding; pour into our hearts such love toward Thee, that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

10

FOR TRUST

O most loving Father, who willest us to give thanks for all things, to dread nothing but the loss of Thee, and to cast all our cares on Thee who carest for us; preserve us from faithless fears and worldly anxieties, and grant that no clouds of this mortal life may hide from us the light of that love which evermore dwells in Thee, and which Thou hast manifested to us in Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

11

FOR ALL ENGAGED IN ARDUOUS WORK

O God, at whose word man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening; be merciful to all whose duties are difficult or burdensome, and comfort them concerning their toil. Shield from bodily accident and harm the workmen at their work. Protect the efforts of sober and honest industry, and suffer not the hire of the laborers to be kept back by fraud. Incline the hearts of employers and of those whom they employ to mutual forbearance, fairness, and goodwill. Show Thy pity upon all prisoners and captives. Uphold those who administer justice and execute righteous laws. Protect all who travel by land or by sea. Care for the sailor, the emigrant, and the stranger. Bless those who labor in works of mercy and in schools of good learning. Give wisdom and grace to all parents. Send forth laborers into Thy harvest; and defend by Thy mighty power, and abundantly prosper, all missionaries of the Cross. Give ear unto our prayer, O merciful and gracious Father, for the love of Thy dear Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. AMEN.

12

AFTER THE OFFERING

O Thou who art the giver of every good and perfect gift, accept we pray Thee, for the service of Thy Kingdom, that which we bring of our own, and grant that in our giving we may not withhold that which Thou dost most desire—the consecration of our lives, and the presentation of our bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto Thee, as our spiritual service. In the name of him who gave himself for us. AMEN.

THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP

13

Grant to us, Lord, we beseech Thee, the spirit to think and do always such things as are right; that we, who cannot do anything that is good without Thee, may by Thee be enabled to live according to Thy will; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

14

O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee; mercifully grant that Thy holy spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

15

O almighty God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; grant unto Thy people that they may love the thing which Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

16

O Lord, from whom all good things do come; grant to us Thy humble servants, that by Thy holy inspiration we may think those things that are good, and by Thy merciful guiding may perform the same; through our Lord Jesus Christ. AMEN.

17

O God, the strength of all those who put their trust in Thee; mercifully accept our prayers; and because, through the weakness of our mortal nature, we can do no good thing without Thee, grant us the help of Thy grace, that in keeping Thy commandments we may please Thee both in will and deed; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

18

O almighty and most merciful God, of Thy bountiful goodness keep us, we beseech Thee, from all things that may hurt us; that we, being ready both in body and soul, may cheerfully accomplish those things which Thou commandest; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

19

Direct us, O Lord, in all our doings, with Thy most gracious favor, and further us with Thy continual help; that in all our works begun, continued, and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy holy name, and finally, by Thy mercy, obtain everlasting life; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

20

A PRAYER OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM

Almighty God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy name Thou wilt grant their requests; fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy children, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. AMEN.

XV

BENEDICTIONS

✠

Now unto our God and Father be the glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

✠

The Lord bless us and keep us;
The Lord make His face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us;
The Lord lift up His countenance upon us, and give us peace. AMEN.

✠

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with us and with all the children of men, for ever. AMEN.

✠

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all evermore. AMEN.

✠

Now the God of peace make you perfect in every good thing to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

✠

Now the God of peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be the glory for ever and ever. AMEN.

✠

Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus, unto all generations, for ever and ever. AMEN.

Now unto Him that is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. AMEN.

✠

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. AMEN.

✠

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord; and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you and remain with you always. AMEN.

✠

May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, be with us now, and abide in our hearts for evermore. AMEN.

✠ ✠ ✠

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